



Andr. Marvell. Esq.

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MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S.

BY
ANDREW MARVELL, Esq;

Late Member of the Honourable House of Commons.



L O N D O N,
Printed for Robert Boulter, at the *Turks-Head*
in Cornhill. M. DC. LXXXI, 18 Jan.

30

POEMS
MISCELLANEOUS

BY
ANDREW MARVELL ESQ.



LONDON:
Printed for Robert Boulton, at the Turk-Head
in Cornhill. MDCCLXXI. 16 Jan.

TO THE
READER.

THese are to Certifie every Ingenious Reader, that all these Poems, as also the other things in this Book contained, are Printed according to the exact Copies of my late dear Husband, under his own Hand-Writing, being found since his Death among his other Papers, Witness my Hand this 15th day of October, 1680.

Mary Marvell.

READER

The first of these is the
the second is the
the third is the
the fourth is the
the fifth is the
the sixth is the
the seventh is the
the eighth is the
the ninth is the
the tenth is the

I

A

DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

The Resolved Soul, and Created Pleasure.

Courage my Soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal Shield.
Close on thy Head thy Helmet bright.
Ballance thy Sword against the Fight.
See where an Army, strong as fair,
With silken Banners spreads the air.
Now, if thou bee'st that thing Divine,
In this day's Combat let it shine :
And shew that Nature wants an Art
To conquer one resolved Heart.

Pleasure.

Welcome the Creations Guest,
Lord of Earth, and Heavens Heir.
Lay aside that Warlike Crest,
And of Nature's banquet share :
Where the Souls of fruits and flow'rs
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

Soul.

I sup above, and cannot stay
To bait so long upon the way.

B

Pleasure.

*Miscellanies.**Pleasure.*

On these downy Pillows lye,
 Whose soft Plumes will thither fly :
 On these Roses strow'd so plain
 Left one Leaf thy Side should strain.

Soul.

My gentler Rest is on a Thought,
 Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure.

If thou bee'st with Perfumes pleas'd,
 Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,
 Thou in fragrant Clouds shalt show
 Like another God below.

Soul.

A Soul that knowes not to perfume
 Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

Pleasure.

Every thing does seem to vie
 Which should first attract thine Eye :
 But since none deserves that grace,
 In this Crystal view thy face.

Soul.

When the Creator's skill is priz'd,
 The rest is all but Earth disguis'd.

Pleasure.

Heark how Musick then prepares
 For thy Stay these charming Aires ;

Which

Miscellanies.

3

Which the posting Winds recall,
And suspend the Rivers Fall.

Soul.

Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease Tempter. None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet Chordage cannot bind.

Chorus.

*Earth cannot shew so brave a Sight
As when a single Soul does fence
The Batteries of alluring Sense,
And Heaven views it with delight.*

*Then persevere : for still new Charges sound :
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crown'd.*

Pleasure.

All this fair, and cost, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one Beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul.

If things of Sight such Heavens be,
What Heavens are those we cannot see ?

Pleasure.

Where so e're thy Foot shall go
The minted Gold shall lie ;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new Worlds to buy.

Soul.

Wer't not a price who'd value Gold ?
And that's worth nought that can be fold.

Pleasure.

Pleasure.

Wilt thou all the Glory have
 That War or Peace commend?
 Half the World shall be thy Slave
 The other half thy Friend.

Soul.

What Friends, if to my self untrue?
 What Slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure.

Thou shalt know each hidden Cause;
 And see the future Time:
 Try what depth the Centre draws;
 And then to Heaven climb.

Soul.

None thither mounts by the degree
 Of Knowledge, but Humility.

Chorus.

*Triumph, triumph, victorious Soul;
 The World has not one Pleasure more:
 The rest does lie beyond the Pole,
 And is thine everlasting Store.*

On a Drop of Dew.

See how the Orient Dew,
 Shed from the Bosom of the Morn
 Into the blowing Roses,
 Yet careless of its Mansion new;
 For the clear Region where 'twas born
 Round in its self incloses:

And

And in its little Globes Extent,
Frames as it can its native Element.

How it the purple flow'r does slight,

Scarce touching where it lyes,

But gazing back upon the Skies,

Shines with a mournful Light;

Like its own Tear,

Because so long divided from the Sphear.

Restless it rouses and unsecure,

Trembling lest it grow impure :

Till the warm Sun pittie it's Pain,

And to the Skies exhale it back again.

So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray

Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,

Could it within the humane flow'r be seen,

Remembring still its former height,

Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green ;

And, recollecting its own Light,

Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express

The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.

In how coy a Figure wound,

Every way it turns away :

So the World excluding round,

Yet receiving in the Day.

Dark beneath, but bright above :

Here disdaining, there in Love.

How loose and easie hence to go :

How girt and ready to ascend.

Moving but on a point below,

It all about does upwards bend.

Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil ;

White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill.

Congea'd on Earth : but does, dissolving, run

Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun.

Ros.

Cernis ut Eoi descendat Gemmula Roris,
 Inque Rosas roseo transfluat orta sinu.
 Sollicita Flores stant ambitione supini,
 Et certant foliis pellicuisse suis.
 Illa tamen patriæ lustrans fastigia Sphæræ,
 Negligit hospitii limina picta novi.
 Inque sui nitido conclusa voluminis orbe,
 Exprimit ætherei quæ licet Orbis aquas.
 En ut odoratum spernat generosior Ostium,
 Vixque premat casto mollia strata pede.
 Suspicit at longis distantem obtutibus Axem,
 Inde & languenti lumine pendet amans,
 Tristis, & in liquidum mutata dolore dolorem,
 Marcet, uti roseis Lachryma fusa Genis.
 Ut pavet, & motum tremit irrequieta Cubile,
 Et quoties Zephyro fluctuat Aura, fugit.
 Qualis inexpertam subeat formido Puellam,
 Sicubi nocte redit incommitata domum.
 Sic & in horridulas agitur Gutta procellas,
 Dum præ virgineo cuncta pudore timet.
 Donec oberrantem Radio clemente vaporet,
 Inq; jubar reducem Sol genitale trahat.
 Talis, in humano si possit flore videri,
 Exul ubi longas Mens agit usq; moras;
 Hæc quoque natalis meditans convivia Cæli,
 Evertit Calices, purpureosque Thoros.
 Fontis stilla sacri, Lucis scintilla perennis,
 Non capitur Tyria veste, vapore Sabæ.
 Tota sed in proprii secedens luminis Arcem,
 Colligit in Gyros se sinuosa breves.
 Magnorumque sequens Animo convexa Deorum,
 Sydereum parvo fingit in Orbe Globum.
 Quam bene in averse modulum contracta figuræ

Oppositum

Oppositum Mundo claudit ubiq; latus.
 Sed bibit in speculum radios ornata rotundum;
 Et circumfuso splendet aperta Die.
 Qua Superos spectat rutilans, obscurior infra;
 Cetera dedignans, ardet amore Poli.
 Subsilit, hinc agili Poscens discedere motu,
 Undique cœlesti cincta soluta Viæ.
 Totaque in aereos extenditur orbita cursus;
 Hinc punctim carpens, mobile stringit iter.
 Haud aliter Mensis exundans Manna beatæ
 Deserto jacuit Stilla gelata solo:
 Stilla gelata solo, sed Solibus hausta benignis,
 Ad sua quæ cecidit purior Astra redit.

The Coronet.

WHEN for the Thorns with which I long, too
 With many a piercing wound, (long,
 My Saviours head have crown'd,
 I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong:
 Through every Garden, every Mead,
 I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
 Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
 That once adorn'd my Shepherdesses head.
 And now when I have summ'd up all my store,
 Thinking (so I my self deceive)
 So rich a Chaplet thence to weave
 As never yet the king of Glory wore:
 Alas I find the Serpent old
 That, twining in his speckled breast,
 About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
 With wreaths of Fame and Interest.
 Ah, foolish Man, that would'st debase with them,
 And mortal Glory, Heavens Diadem!
 But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,
 Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,

And

And disintangle all his winding Snare:
 Or shatter too with him my curious frame :
 And let these wither, so that he may die,
 Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care.
 That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,
 May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

Eyes and Tears.

I.

HOW wisely Nature did decree,
 With the same Eyes to weep and see !
 That, having view'd the object vain,
 They might be ready to complain.

II.

And, since the Self-deluding Sight,
 In a false Angle takes each hight ;
 These Tears which better measure all,
 Like wat'ry Lines and Plummets fall.

III.

Two Tears, which Sorrow long did weigh
 Within the Scales of either Eye,
 And then paid out in equal Poise,
 Are the true price of all my Joyes.

IV.

What in the World most fair appears,
 Yea even Laughter, turns to Tears :
 And all the Jewels which we prize,
 Melt in these Pendants of the Eyes.

V.

I have through every Garden been,
 Amongst the Red, the White, the Green ;

And

And yet, from all the flow'rs I saw,
No Hony, but these Tears could draw.

VI.

So the all-seeing Sun each day
Distills the World with Chymick Ray;
But finds the Essence only Showers,
Which straight in pity back he powers.

VII.

Yet happy they whom Grief doth blefs,
That weep the more, and see the less :
And, to preserve their Sight more true,
Bath still their Eyes in their own Dew.

VIII.

* So *Magdalen*, in Tears more wise
Dissolv'd those captivating Eyes,
Whose liquid Chaines could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemers feet.

IX.

Not full sailes hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste Ladies pregnant Womb,
Nor *Cynthia* Teeming shew's so fair,
As two Eyes swoln with weeping are.

X.

The sparkling Glance that shoots Desire,
Drench'd in these Waves, does lose it fire.
Yea oft the Thund'rer pitty takes
And here the hissing Lightning flakes.

XI.

The Incense was to Heaven dear,
Not as a Perfume, but a Tear.
And Stars shew lovely in the Night,
But as they seem the Tears of Light.

XII.

Ope then mine Eyes your double Sluice,
 And practise so your noblest Use.
 For others too can see, or sleep ;
 But only humane Eyes can weep.

XIII.

Now like two Clouds dissolving, drop,
 And at each Tear in distance stop :
 Now like two Fountains trickle down :
 Now like two floods o' return and drown.

XIII.

Thus let your Streams o'rflo'w your Springs,
 Till Eyes and Tears be the same things :
 And each the other's difference bears ;
 These weeping Eyes, those seeing Tears.

* *Magdala, lascivos sic quon dimisit Amantes,
 Fervidaque in castas lumina solvit aquas ;
 Hæsit in irriguo lachrymarum compede Christus,
 Et tenuit sacros uda Catena pedes.*

Bermudas.

WHere the remote *Bermudas* ride
 In th' Oceans bosome unesp'y'd,
 From a small Boat, that row'd along,
 The listning Winds receiv'd this Song.
 What should we do but sing his Praise
 That led us through the watry Maze,
 Unto an Isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own ?
 Where he the huge Sea-Monsters wracks,
 That lift the Deep upon their Backs.
 He lands us on a grassy Stage ;
 Safe from the Storms, and Prelat's rage.

He

He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamells every thing;
And sends the Fowl's to us in care,
On daily Visits through the Air.
He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
Like golden Lamps in a green Night.
And does in the Pomgranates close,
Jewels more rich than *Ormus* show's.
He makes the Figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the *Mélons* at our feet.
But Apples plants of such a price,
No Tree could ever bear them twice.
With Cedars, chosen by his hand,
From *Lebanon*, he stores the Land.
And makes the hollow Seas, that roar,
Proclaime the *Ambergris* on shoar.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospels Pearl upon our Coast.
And in these Rocks for us did frame
A Temple, where to found his Name?
Oh let our Voice his Praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heavens Vault:
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Eccho beyond the *Mexique Bay*.
Thus sung they, in the *English boat*,
An holy and a chearful Note,
And all the way, to guide their Chime,
With falling Oars they kept the time.

Clorinda and Damon.

- C. **D**amon come drive thy flocks this way.
D. No: 'tis too late they went astray.
C. I have a grassy Scutcheon spy'd,
Where *Flora* blazons all her pride.

- The Grasse I aim to feast thy Sheep :
 The Flow'rs I for thy Temples keep.
 D. Grasse withers ; and the Flow'rs too fade.
 C. Seize the short Joyes then, ere they vade,
 Seest thou that unfrequented Cave ?
 D. That den ? C. Loves Shrine. D. But Virtue's Grave.
 C. In whose cool bosome we may lye
 Safe from the Sun. D. not Heaven's Eye.
 C. Near this, a Fountaines liquid Bell
 Tinkles within the concave Shell.
 D. Might a Soul bath there and be clean,
 Or slake its Drought ? C. What is't you mean ?
 D. These once had been enticing things,
 Clorinda, Pastures, Caves, and Springs.
 C. And what late change ? D. The other day
 Pan met me. C. What did great Pan say ?
 D. Words that transcend poor Shepherds skill,
 But He ere since my Songs does fill:
 And his Name swells my slender Oate.
 C. Sweet must Pan sound in Damons Note.
 D. Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.
 C. Who would not in Pan's Praises meet ?

Chorus.

*Of Pan the flowry Pastures sing,
 Caves echo, and the Fountains ring.
 Sing then while he doth us inspire ;
 For all the World is our Pan's Quire.*

A Dialogue between the Soul and Body.

Soul.

O Who shall, from this Dungeon, raise
 A Soul enslav'd so many wayes ?
 With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
 In Feet ; and manacled in Hands.

Here

Here blinded with an Eye ; and there
Deaf with the drumming of an Ear:
A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain Head, and double Heart.

Body.

O who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul ?
Which, stretcht upright, impales me so,
That mine own Precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless Frame:
(A Fever could but do the same.)
And, wanting where its spight to try,
Has made me live to let me dye.
A Body that could never rest,
Since this ill Spirit it possest.

Soul.

What Magick could me thus confine
Within anothers Grief to pine ?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my Care its self employes,
That to preserve, which me destroys :
Constrain'd not only to indure
Diseases, but, whats worse, the Cure :
And ready oft the Port to gain,
Am Shipwrackt into Health again.

Body.

But Physick yet could never reach
The Maladies Thou me dost teach ;
Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear,
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.

The

The Pestilence of Love does heat :
 Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat,
 Joy's chearful Madnes does perplex :
 Or Sorrow's other Madnes vex.
 Which Knowledge forces me to know ;
 And Memory will not foregoe.
 What but a Soul could have the wit
 To build me up for Sin so fit?
 So Architects do square and hew,
 Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun.

THE wanton Troopers riding by
 Have shot my Faun and it will dye.
 Ungentle men ! They cannot thrive
 To kill thee. Thou neer didst alive
 Them any harm : alas nor cou'd
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 I'm sure I never wisht them ill ;
 Nor do I for all this ; nor will ;
 But, if my simple Pray'rs may yet
 Prevail with Heaven to forget
 Thy murder, I will Joyn my Tears.
 Rather then fail. But, O my fears !
 It cannot dye so, Heavens King
 Keeps register of every thing :
 And nothing may we use in vain.
 Ev'n Beasts must be with justice slain ;
 Else Men are made their *Deodands*.
 Though they should wash their guilty hands
 In this warm life-blood, which doth part
 From thine, and wound me to the Heart,
 Yet could they not be clean : their Stain
 Is dy'd in such a Purple Grain.

There

There is not such another in
The World, to offer for their Sin.

Unconstant *Sylvio*, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Ty'd in this silver Chain and Bell,
Gave it to me : nay and I know
What he said then ; I'm sure I do.
Said He, look how your Huntsman here
Hath taught a Faun to hunt his *Dear*.
But *Sylvio* soon had me beguil'd.
This waxed tame; while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my Smart,
Left me his Faun, but took his Heart.

Thenceforth I set my self to play
My solitary time away,
With this : and very well content,
Could so mine idle Life have spent.
For it was full of sport ; and light
Of foot, and heart ; and did invite,
Me to its game : it seem'd to bless
Its self in me. How could I less
Than love it ? O I cannot be
Unkind, t' a Beast that loveth me.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As *Sylvio* did : his Gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.
But I am sure, for ought that I
Could in so short a time espie,
Thy Love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nurst .
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a Breath ! And oft
I blusht to see its foot more soft,

And

And white, (shall I say then my hand ?)
NAY any Ladies of the Land.

It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the Race :
And when 'thad left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than Hindes ;
And trod, as on the four Winds.

I have a Garden of my own,
But so with Roses over grown,
And Lillies, that you would it gues
To be a little Wilderness.
And all the Spring time of the year
It onely loved to be there.
Among the beds of Lillyes, I
Have sought it oft, where it should lye ;
Yet could not, till it self would rise,
Find it, although before mine Eyes.
For, in the flaxen Lillies shade,
It like a bank of Lillies laid.
Upon the Roses it would feed,
Until its Lips ev'n seem'd to bleed :
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those Roses on my Lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On Roses thus its self to fill :
And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of Lillies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lillies without, Roses within.

O help ! O help ! I see it faint :
And dye as calmly as a Saint.
See how it weeps. The Tears do come
Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.
So- weeps the wounded Balsome : so
The holy Frankincense doth flow.

The brotherless *Heliades*
Melt in such Amber Tears as these:

I in a golden Vial will
Keep these two crystal Tears; and fill
It till it do o'reflow with mine;
Then place it in *Diana's* Shrine.

Now my sweet Faun is vanish'd to
Whether the Swans and Turtles go:
In fair *Elizium* to endure,
With milk-white Lambs, and Ermins pure.
O do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy Grave, and dye.

First my unhappy Statue shall
Be cut in Marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too: but there
Th' Engraver sure his Art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoane,
That I shall weep though I be Stone:
Until my Tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest Alabafter made:
For I would have thine Image be
White as I can, though not as Thee.

Young Love.

I.

Come little Infant, Love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged Fathers brow
From cold Jealousie and Fears.

II.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd:

E

While

While our Sportings are as free
As the Nurfes with the Child!

III.

Common Beauties ftay fifteen ;
Such as yours fhould fwifter move ;
Whofe fair Bloffoms are too green
Yet for Luft, but not for Love.

IV.

Love as much the fnowy Lamb
Or the wanton Kid does prize,
As the lufty Bull or Ram,
For his morning Sacrifice.

V.

Now then love me : time may take
Thee before thy time away :
Of this Need wee'l Virtue make,
And learn Love before we may!

VI.

So we win of doubtful Fate ;
And, if good fhe to us meant,
We that Good fhall antedate,
Or, if ill, that Ill prevent.

VII.

Thus as Kingdomes, frustrating
Other Titles to their Crown,
In the craddle crown their King,
So all Forraign Claims to drown,

VIII.

So, to make all Rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my Love :

Crown me with thy Love again,
And we both shall Monarchs prove.

To his Coy Mistress.

HAD we but World enough, and Time,
This coynefs Lady were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.
Thou by the *Indian Ganges* side
Shouldst Rubies find : I by the Tide
Of *Humber* would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood :
And you should if you please refuse
Till the Conversion of the *Jews*.
My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster then Empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze,
Two hundred to adore each Breast :
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An Age at least to every part,
And the last Age should show your Heart.
For Lady you deserve this State ;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Charriot hurrying near :
And yonder all before us lye
Desarts of vast Eternity.
Thy Beauty shall no more be found ;
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
My ecchoing Song : then Worms shall try
That long preserv'd Virginity :
And your quaint Honour turn to dust ;
And into ashes all my Lust.
The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew
 Sits on thy skin like morning glew,
 And while thy willing Soul transpires
 At every pore with instant Fires,
 Now let us sport us while we may ;
 And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
 Rather at once our Time devour,
 Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.
 Let us roll all our Strength, and all
 Our sweetness, up into one Ball :
 And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
 Thorough the Iron gates of Life.
 Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The unfortunate Lover.

I.

A Las, how pleasant are their dayes
 With whom the Infant Love yet plays !
 Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
 By Fountains cool, and Shadows green.
 But soon these Flames do lose their light,
 Like Meteors of a Summers night :
 Nor can they to that Region climb,
 To make impression upon Time.

II.

'Twas in a Shipwrack, when the Seas
 Rul'd, and the Winds did what they please,
 That my poor Lover floating lay,
 And, e're brought forth, was cast away :
 Till at the last the master-Wave
 Upon the Rock his Mother drave ;

And

Miscellanies:

21

And there she split against the Stone,
In a *Cesarian Section*.

III.

The Sea him lent these bitter Tears
Which at his Eyes he alwaies bears:
And from the Winds the Sighs he bore,
Which through his surging Breast do roar.
No Day he saw but that which breaks,
Through frighted Clouds in forked streaks.
While round the ratling Thunder hurl'd,
As at the Fun'ral of the World.

IV.

While Nature to his Birth presents
This masque of quarrelling Elements;
A num'rous fleet of Corm'rants black,
That sail'd insulting o're the Wrack,
Receiv'd into their cruel Care,
Th' unfortunate and abject Heir:
Guardians most fit to entertain
The Orphan of the *Hurricane*.

V.

They fed him up with Hopes and Air,
Which soon digested to Despair.
And as one Corm'rant fed him, still
Another on his Heart did bill.
Thus while they famish him, and feast,
He both consumed, and increast:
And languished with doubtful Breath,
Th' *Amphibium* of Life and Death.

VI.

And now, when angry Heaven would
Behold a spectacle of Blood,

Fortune

Fortune and He are call'd to play
 At sharp before it all the day :
 And Tyrant Love his brest does ply
 With all his wing'd Artillery.
 Whilst he, betwixt the Flames and Waves,
 Like *Ajax*, the mad Tempest braves.

VII.

See how he nak'd and fierce does stand,
 Cuffing the Thunder with one hand ;
 While with the other he does lock,
 And grapple, with the stubborn Rock :
 From which he with each Wave rebounds,
 Torn into Flames, and ragg'd with Wounds,
 And all he saies, a Lover drest
 In his own Blood does relish best.

VIII.

This is the only *Banmeret*
 That ever Love created yet :
 Who though, by the Malignant Stars,
 Forced to live in Storms and Warrs ;
 Yet dying leaves a Perfume here,
 And Musick within every Ear :
 And he in Story only rules,
 In a Field Sable a Lover Gules.

• *The Gallery.*

I.

CLora come view my Soul, and tell
 Whether I have contriv'd it well.
 Now all its several lodgings lye
 Compos'd into one Gallery ;

And

Miscellanies.

23

And the great *Arras*-hangings, made
Of various Faces, by are laid ;
That, for all furniture, you'll find
Only your Picture in my Mind. .

II.

Here Thou art painted in the Dress
Of an Inhumane Murtherefs ;
Examining upon our Hearts
Thy fertile Shop of cruel Arts :
Engines more keen than ever yet
Adorned Tyrants Cabinet ;
Of which the most tormenting are
Black Eyes, red Lips, and curled Hair.

III.

But, on the other side, th' art drawn
Like to *Aurora* in the Dawn ;
When in the East she slumb'ring lyes,
And stretches out her milky Thighs ;
While all the morning Quire does sing,
And *Manna* falls, and Roses spring ;
And, at thy Feet, the wooing Doves
Sit perfecting their harmless Loves.

IV.

Like an Enchantress here thou show'st,
Vexing thy restless Lover's Ghost ;
And, by a Light obscure, dost rave
Over his Entrails, in the Cave ;
Divining thence, with horrid Care,
How long thou shalt continue fair ;
And (when inform'd) them throw'st away,
To be the greedy Vultur's prey.

V.

V.

But, against that, thou sit'st a float
 Like *Venus* in her pearly Boat.
 The *Halcyons*, calming all that's nigh,
 Betwixt the Air and Water fly.
 Or, if some rowling Wave appears,
 A Mass of *Ambergris* it bears.
 Nor blows more Wind than what may well
 Convoy the Perfume to the Smell.

VI.

These Pictures and a thousand more,
 Of Thee, my Gallery dost store ;
 In all the Forms thou can'st invent
 Either to please me, or torment :
 For thou alone to people me,
 Art grown a num'rous Colony ;
 And a Collection choicer far
 Than our *White-hall's*, or *Mantua's* were.

VII.

But, of these Pictures and the rest,
 That at the Entrance likes me best :
 Where the same Posture, and the Look
 Remains, with which I first was took.
 A tender Shepherdess, whose Hair
 Hangs loosely playing in the Air,
 Transplanting Flow'rs from the green Hill,
 To crown her Head, and Bosome fill.

The Fair Singer.

I.

TO make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an Enemy,
In whom both Beauties to my death agree,
Joyning themselves in fatal Harmony;
That while she with her Eyes my Heart does bind,
She with her Voice might captivate my Mind.

II.

I could have fled from One but singly fair:
My dis-intangled Soul it self might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair.
But how should I avoid to be her Slave,
Whose subtile Art invisibly can wreath
My Fetters of the very Air I breath?

III.

It had been easie fighting in some plain,
Where Victory might hang in equal choice.
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has th' advantage both of Eyes and Voice.
And all my Forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the Wind and Sun.

Mourning.

I.

YOU, that decipher out the Fate
Of humane Off-springs from the Skies,
What mean these Infants which of late
Spring from the Starrs of *Chloris's* Eyes?

F

II.

II.

Her Eyes confus'd, and doubled ore,
 With Tears suspended ere they flow ;
 Seem bending upwards, to restore
 To Heaven, whence it came, their Woe.

III.

When, molding of the watry Sphears,
 Slow drops unty themselves away ;
 As if she, with those precious Tears,
 Would strow the ground where *Strephon* lay.

IV.

Yet some affirm, pretending Art,
 Her Eyes have so her Bosome drown'd,
 Only to soften near her Heart
 A place to fix another Wound.

V.

And, while vain Pomp does her restrain
 Within her solitary Bowr,
 She courts her self in am'rous Rain ;
 Her self both *Dance* and the Showr.

VI.

Nay others, bolder, hence esteem
 Joy now so much her Master grown,
 That whatsoever does but seem
 Like Grief, is from her Windows thrown.

VII.

Nor that she payes, while she survives,
 To her dead Love this Tribute due ;
 But casts abroad these Donatives,
 At the installing of a new.

VIII.

How wide they dream ! The *Indian* Slaves
That sink for Pearl through Seas profound,
Would find her Tears yet deeper Waves
And not of one the bottom found.

IX.

I yet my silent Judgment keep,
Disputing not what they believe :
But sure as oft as Women weep,
It is to be suppos'd they grieve.

Daphnis and Chloe.

I.

D*aphnis* must from *Chloe* part :
Now is come the dismal Hour
That must all his Hopes devour,
All his Labour, all his Art.

II.

Nature, her own Sexes foe,
Long had taught her to be coy :
But she neither knew t'enjoy,
Nor yet let her Lover go.

III.

But, with this sad News surpriz'd,
Soon she let that Niceness fall ;
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his stay compriz'd.

IV.

Nature so her self does use
To lay by her wonted State,
Lest the World should separate;
Sudden Parting closer glews.

V.

He, well read in all the wayes
By which men their Siege maintain,
Knew not that the Fort to gain
Better 'twas the Siege to raise.

VI.

But he came so full posselt
With the Grief of Parting thence;
That he had not so much Sence
As to see he might be blest.

VII.

Till Love in her Language breath'd
Words she never spake before;
But then Legacies no more
To a dying Man bequeath'd.

VIII.

For, Alas, the time was spent,
Now the latest minut's run
When poor *Daphnis* is undone,
Between Joy and Sorrow rent.

IX.

At that *Why*, that *Stay my Dear*,
His disorder'd Locks he tare;
And with rouling Eyes did glare,
And his cruel Fate forswear.

X.

As the Soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of Friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in haste,
And then streight again is fled.

XI.

So did wretched *Daphnis* look,
Frighting her he loved most.
At the last, this Lovers Ghost
Thus his Leave resolved took.

XII.

Are my Hell and Heaven Joyn'd
More to torture him that dies?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you must then grow kind?

XIII.

Ah my *Chloe* how have I
Such a wretched minute found,
When thy Favours should me wound
More than all thy Cruelty?

XIV.

So to the condemned Wight
The delicious Cup we fill;
And allow him all he will,
For his last and short Delight.

XV.

But I will not now begin
Such a Debt unto my Foe;
Nor to my Departure owe
What my Presence could not win.

XVI.

XVI.

Absence is too much alone :
 Better 'tis to go in peace,
 Than my Losses to increase
 By a late Fruition.

XVII.

Why should I enrich my Fate ?
 'Tis a Vanity to wear,
 For my Executioner,
 Jewels of so high a rate.

XVIII.

Rather I away will pine
 In a manly stubbornness
 Than be fatted up express
 For the *Canibal* to dine.

XIX.

Whilst this grief does thee disarm,
 All th' Enjoyment of our Love
 But the ravishment would prove
 Of a Body dead while warm.

XX.

And I parting should appear
 Like the Gourmand *Hebrew* dead,
 While he Quails and *Manna* fed,
 And does through the Desert err.

XXI.

Or the Witch that midnight wakes
 For the Fern, whose magick Weed
 In one minute casts the Seed,
 And invisible him makes.

XXII.

Gentler times for Love are ment :
Who for parting pleasure strain
Gather Roses in the rain,
Wet themselves and spoil their Sent.

XXIII.

Farewel therefore all the fruit
Which I could from Love receive :
Joy will not with Sorrow weave,
Nor will I this Grief pollute.

XXIV.

Fate I come, as dark, as sad,
As thy Malice could desire ;
Yet bring with me all the Fire
That Love in his Torches had.

XXV.

At these words away he broke ;
As who long has praying ly'n,
To his Heads-man makes the Sign,
And receives the parting stroke.

XXVI.

But hence Virgins all-beware.
Last night he with Phlogis slept ;
This night for Dorinda kept ;
And but rid to take the Air.

XXVII.

Yet he does himself excuse ;
Nor indeed without a Cause.
For, according to the Lawes,
Why did *Chloe* once refuse ?

The Definition of Love.

MY Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high;
It was begotten by despair
Upon Impossibility.

II.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'r have flown
But vainly flap its Tinsel Wing.

III.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt,
But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
And alwaies crouds it self betwixt.

IV.

For Fate with jealous Eye does see
Two perfect Loves; nor lets them close;
Their union would her ruine be,
And her Tyrannick pow'r depose.

V.

And therefore her Decrees of Steel
Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,
(Though Loves whole World on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embrac'd.

VI.

VI.

Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
And, us to joyn, the World should all
Be cramp'd into a *Planisphere*.

VII.

As Lines so Loves *oblique* may well
Themselves in every Angle greet:
But ours so truly *Paralel*,
Though infinite can never meet.

VIII.

Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debarrs,
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
And Opposition of the Stars.

The Picture of little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers.

I.

SEE with what simplicity
This Nymph begins her golden daies?
In the green Grasse she loves to lie,
And there with her fair Aspect tames
The Wilder flow'rs, and gives them names:
But only with the Roses plays;
And them does tell
What Colour best becomes them, and what Smell.

II.

Who can foretel for what high cause
 This Darling of the Gods was born!
 Yet this is She whose chaster Laws
 The wanton Love shall one day fear,
 And, under her command severe,
 See his Bow broke and Ensigns torn.

Happy, who can
 Appease this virtuous Enemy of Man!

III.

O then let me in time compound,
 And partly with those conquering Eyes;
 Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
 Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
 In Triumph over Hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise.

Let me be laid,
 Where I may see thy Glories from some Shade.

IV.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
 It self does at thy Beauty charm,
 Reform the errours of the Spring;
 Make that the Tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
 And Roses of their thorns disarm:
 But most procure
 That Violets may a longer Age endure.

V.

But O young beauty of the Woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
Gather the Flow'rs, but spare the Buds;
Lest *Flora* angry at thy crime,
To kill her Infants in their prime,
Do quickly make th' Example Yours;

And, ere we see,
Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.

Tom May's Death.

As one put drunk into the Packet-boat,
Tom May was hurry'd hence and did not know't.
But was amaz'd on the Elysian side,
And with an Eye uncertain, gazing wide,
Could not determine in what place he was,
For whence in Stevens ally Trees or Grass.
Nor where the Popes head, nor the Mitre lay,
Signs by which still he found and lost his way.
At last while doubtfully he all compares,
He saw near hand, as he imagin'd *Ares*.
Such did he seem for corpulence and port,
But 'twas a man much of another sort;
'Twas *Ben* that in the dusky Laurel shade
Amongst the Chorus of old Poets laid,
Sounding of ancient Heroes, such as were
The Subjects Safety, and the Rebel's Fear.
But how a double headed Vulture Eats,
Brutus and *Cassius* the Peoples cheats.
But seeing *May* he varied streight his Song,
Gently to signifie that he was wrong.
Cups more then civil of *Emilthian* wine,
I sing (said he) and the *Pharalian* Sign,
Where the Historian of the Common-wealth
In his own Bowels sheath'd the conquering health.

G 2

By

By this *May* to himself and them was come,
 He found he was translated, and by whom.
 Yet then with foot as stumbling as his tongue
 Prest for his place among the Learned throng.
 But *Ben*, who knew not neither foe nor friend,
 Sworn Enemy to all that do pretend,
 Rose more then ever he was seen severe,
 Shook his gray locks, and his own Bayes did tear
 At this intrusion. Then with Laurel wand,
 The awful Sign of his supream command.
 At whose dread Whisk *Virgil* himself does quake,
 And *Horace* patiently its stroke does take,
 As he crowds in he whipt him ore the pate
 Like *Pembroke* at the Masque, and then did rate.

Far from these blessed shades tread back agen
 Most servil' wit, and Mercenary Pen.
Polydore, Lucan, Allan, Vandale, Goth,
 Malignant Poet and Historian both.
 Go seek the novice Statesmen, and obtrude
 On them some Romané cast similitude,
 Tell them of Liberty, the Stories fine,
 Until you all grow Consuls in your wine.
 Or thou *Dictator* of the glass bestow
 On him the *Cato*, this the *Cicero*.
 Transferring old *Rome* hither in your talk,
 As *Bethlem's* House did to *Loretto* walk.
 Foul Architect that hadst not Eye to see
 How ill the measures of these States agree.
 And who by *Romes* example *England* lay,
 Those but to *Lucan* do continue *May*.
 But the nor Ignorance nor seeming good
 Missed, but malice fixt and understood.
 Because some one than thee more worthy weares
 The sacred Laurel, hence are all these teares?
 Must therefore all the World be set on flame,
 Because a Gazet writer mist his aim?
 And for a Tankard-bearing Muse must we
 As for the Basket *Guelphs* and *Gibellines* be?

When

When the Sword glitters ore the Judges head,
 And fear has Coward Churchmen silenced,
 Then is the Poets time, 'tis then he drawes,
 And single fights forsaken Vertues cause.
 He, when the wheel of Empire, whirleth back,
 And though the World disjointed Axel crack,
 Sings still of ancient Rights and better Times,
 Seeks wretched good, arraigns successful Crimes.
 But thou base man first prostituted hast
 Our spotless knowledge and the studies chaste.
 Apostatizing from our Arts and us,
 To turn the Chronicler to *Spartacus*.
 Yet wast thou taken hence with equal fate,
 Before thou couldst great *Charles* his death relate.
 But what will deeper wound thy little mind,
 Hast left surviving *Davenant* still behind
 Who laughs to see in this thy death renew'd,
 Right Romane poverty and gratitude.
 Poor Poet thou, and grateful Senate they,
 Who thy last Reckoning did so largely pay.
 And with the publick gravity would come,
 When thou hadst drunk thy last to lead thee home:
 If that can be thy home where *Spencer* lyes.
 And reverend *Chancer*, but their dust does rise
 Against thee, and expels thee from their side,
 As th' Eagles Plumes from other birds divide.
 Nor here thy shade must dwell, Return, Return,
 Where Sulphrey *Phlegeton* does ever burn.
 The *Cerberus* with all his Jaws shall gnast,
Megara thee with all her Serpents lash.
 Thou rivited unto *Ixion's* wheel
 Shalt break, and the perpetual Vulture feel.
 'Tis just what Torments Poets ere did feign,
 Thou first Historically shouldst sustain.
 Thus by irrevocable Sentence cast,
 May only Master of these Revels past.
 And streight he vanisht in a Cloud of pitch,
 Such as unto the Sabboth bears the Witch.

The Match.

Nature had long a Treasure made
Of all her choicest store;
Fearing, when She should be decay'd,
To beg in vain for more.

II.

Her *Orienteft* Colours there,
And Essences most pure,
With sweetest Perfumes hoarded were,
All as she thought secure.

III.

She seldom them unlock'd, or us'd,
But with the nicest care;
For, with one grain of them diffus'd,
She could the World repair.

IV.

But likeness soon together drew
What she did separate lay;
Of which one perfect Beauty grew,
And that was *Celia*.

V.

Love wisely had of long fore-seen
That he must once grow old;
And therefore stor'd a Magazine,
To save him from the cold.

VI.

He kept the several Cells repleat
With Nitre thrice refin'd ;
The Naphtha's and the Sulphurs heat,
And all that burns the Mind.

VII.

He fortifi'd the double Gate,
And rarely thither came ;
For, with one Spark of these, he freight
All Nature could inflame.

VIII.

Till, by vicinity so long,
A nearer Way they sought ;
And, grown magnetically strong,
Into each other wrought.

IX.

Thus all his fewel did unite
To make one fire high :
None ever burn'd so hot, so bright ;
And *Celia* that am I.

X.

So we alone the happy rest,
Whilst all the World is poor,
And have within our Selves possess'd
All Love's and Nature's store.

The Mower against Gardens.

Luxurious Man, to bring his Vice in use,
 Did after him the World seduce :
 And from the fields the Flow'rs and Plants allure,
 Where Nature was most plain and pure.
 He first enclos'd within the Gardens square
 A dead and standing pool of Air :
 And a more luscious Earth for them did knead,
 Which stupifi'd them while it fed.
 The Pink grew then as double as his Mind ;
 The nutriment did change the kind.
 With strange perfumes he did the Roses taint.
 And Flow'rs themselves were taught to paint.
 The Tulip, white, did for complexion seek ;
 And learn'd to interline its cheek :
 Its Onion root they then so high did hold,
 That one was for a Meadow sold.
 Another World was search'd, through Oceans new,
 To find the *Marvel of Peru*.
 And yet these Rarities might be allow'd,
 To Man, that sov'raign thing and proud ;
 Had he not dealt between the Bark and Tree,
 Forbidden mixtures there to see.
 No Plant now knew the Stock from which it came ;
 He grafts upon the Wild the Tame :
 That the uncertain and adult'rate fruit
 Might put the Palate in dispute.
 His green *Seraglio* has its Eunuchs too ;
 Lest any Tyrant him out-doe.
 And in the Cherry he does Nature vex,
 To procreate without a Sex.
 'Tis all enforc'd ; the Fountain and the Grot ;
 While the sweet Fields do lye forgot :

Where

Where willing Nature does to all dispenſe
A wild and fragrant Innocence :
And *Fawns* and *Fayes* do the Meadows till,
More by their preſence then their ſkill.
Their Statues poliſh'd by ſome ancient hand,
May to adorn the Gardens ſtand :
But howſo'ere the Figures do excel,
The *Gods* themſelves with us do dwell.

Damon the Mower.

I.

HEark how the Mower *Damon* Sung,
With love of *Juliana* ſtung!
While ev'ry thing did ſeem to paint
The Scene more fit for his complaint.
Like her fair Eyes the day was fair ;
But ſcorching like his am'rous Care.
Sharp like his Sythe his Sorrow was,
And wither'd like his Hopes the Graſs.

II.

Oh what unuſual Heats are here,
Which thus our Sun-burn'd Meadows ſear !
The Graſs-hopper its pipe gives ore ;
And hamſtring'd Frogs can dance no more,
But in the brook the green Frog wades ;
And Graſs-hoppers ſeek out the ſhades:
Only the Snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its ſecond ſkin.

III.

This heat the Sun could never raiſe,
Nor Dog-ſtar ſo inflame's the dayes.

H

it

It from an higher Beauty grow'th,
Which burns the Fields and Mower both :
Which made the Dog, and makes the Sun
Hotter then his own *Phaeton*.
Not *July* causeth these Extremes,
But *Juliana's* scorching beams.

IV.

Tell me where I may pass the Fires
Of the hot day, or hot desires.
To what cool Cave shall I descend,
Or to what gelid Fountain bend ?
Alas ! I look for Ease in vain,
When Remedies themselves complain.
No moisture but my Tears do rest,
Nor Cold but in her Icy Breast.

V.

How long wilt Thou, fair Shepherdes,
Esteem me, and my Presents less ?
To Thee the harmless Snake I bring,
Disarmed of its teeth and sting.
To Thee *Chameleons* changing-hue,
And Oak leaves tipt with hony dew.
Yet Thou ungrateful hast not sought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

VI.

I am the Mower *Damon*, known
Through all the Meadows I have mown.
On me the Morn her dew distills
Before her darling *Daffadils*.
And, if at Noon my toil me heat,
The Sun himself licks off my Sweat.
While, going home, the Ev'ning sweet
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

VII.

VII.

What, though the piping Shepherd stock
The plains with an unnum'ed Flock,
This Sicke of mine discovers wide
More ground then all his Sheep do hide.
With this the golden fleece I shear
Of all these Closes ev'ry Year.
And though in Wooll more poor then they,
Yet am I richer far in Hay.

VIII.

Nor am I so deform'd to sight,
If in my Sicke I looked right ;
In which I see my Picture done,
As in a crescent Moon the Sun.
The deathless Fairies take me oft
To lead them in their Danes soft ;
And, when I tune my self to sing,
About me they contract their Ring.

IX.

How happy might I still have mow'd,
Had not Love here his Thistles sow'd !
But now I all the day complain,
Joyning my Labour to my Pain ;
And with my Sythe cut down the Grasse,
Yet still my Grief is where it was :
But, when the Iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my Sythe and Woes.

X.

While thus he threw his Elbow round,
Depopulating all the Ground,
And, with his whistling Sythe, does cut
Each stroke between the Earth and Root,

The edged Stele by careles chance
 Did into his own Ankle glance ;
 And there among the Grasse fell down,
 By his own Sythe, the Mower mown.

XI.

Alas ! said He, these hurts are flight
 To those that dye by Loves despight.
 With Shepherds-purse, and Clowns-all-heal,
 The Blood I stanck, and Wound I seal.
 Only for him no Cure is found,
 Whom *Julianas* Eyes do wound.
 'Tis death alone that this must do :
 For Death thou art a Mower too.

The Mower to the Glo-Worms.

I.

YE living Lamps, by whose dear light
 The Nightingale does sit so late,
 And studying all the Summer-night,
 Her matchles Songs does meditate ;

II.

Ye Country Comets, that portend
 No War, nor Princes funeral,
 Shining unto no higher end
 Then to presage the Grasses fall ;

III.

Ye Glo-worms, whose officious Flame
 To wandring Mowers shows the way,
 That in the Night have lost their aim,
 And after foolish Fires do stray ;

IV,

IV.

Your courteous Lights in vain you wait,
Since *Juliana* here is come,
For She my Mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

The Mower's Song.

I.

MY Mind was once the true survey
Of all these Meadows fresh and gay ;
And in the greenness of the Grass
Did see its Hopes as in a Glass ;
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

II.

But these, while I with Sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine ;
That not one Blade of Grass you spy'd,
But had a Flower on either side ;
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

III.

Unthankful Meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gawdy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet ?
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

IV.

IV.

But what you in Compassion ought,
 Shall now by my Revenge be wrought :
 And Flow'rs, and Grasse, and I and all,
 Will in one common Ruine fall.
 For *Juliana* comes, and She
 What I do to the Grasse, does to my Thoughts and Me.

V.

And thus, ye Meadows, which have been
 Companions of my thoughts more green,
 Shall now the Heraldry become
 With which I shall adorn my Tomb ;
 For *Juliana* comes, and She
 What I do to the Grasse, does to my Thoughts and Me.

Ametas and Thestylis making Hay-Ropes.

I.

Ametas.

Think'st Thou that this Love can stand,
 Whilst Thou still dost say me nay ?
 Love unpaid does soon disband :
 Love binds Love as Hay binds Hay.

II.

Thestylis.

Think'st Thou that this Rope would twine
 If we both should turn one way ?
 Where both parties so combine,
 Neither Love will twist nor Hay.

III.

III.

Ametas.

Thus you vain Excuses find,
Which your selfe and us delay :
And Love tyes a Womans Mind
Loofer then with Ropes of Hay.

IV.

Thestylis.

What you cannot constant hope
Must be taken as you may.

V.

Ametas.

Then let's both lay by our Rope,
And go kifs within the Hay.

Musicks Empire.

I.

First was the World as one great Cymbal made,
Where Jarring Windes to infant Nature plaid.
All Musick was a solitary sound,
To hollow Rocks and murm'ring Fountains bound.

II.

Jubal first made the wilder Notes agree ;
And Jubal tun'd Musicks Jubilee:
He call'd the Ecchoes from their sullen Cell,
And built the Organ's City where they dwell.

III.

III.

Each sought a consort in that lovely place ;
 And Virgin Trebles wed the manly Base.
 From whence the Progeny of numbers new
 Into harmonious Colonies withdrew.

IV.

Some to the Lute, some to the Viol went,
 And others chose the Cornet eloquent.
 These practising the Wind, and those the Wire,
 To sing Mens Triumphs, or in Heavens quire.

V.

Then Musick, the Mofaique of the Air,
 Did of all these a solemn noise prepare :
 With which She gain'd the Empire of the Ear,
 Including all between the Earth and Sphear.

VII.

Victorious sounds ! yet here your Homage do
 Unto a gentler Conqueror then you ;
 Who though He flies the Musick of his praise,
 Would with you Heavens Hallelujahs raise.

The Gardens.

I.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes ;
 And their uncessant Labours see
 Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree,
 Whose short and narrow verged Shade
 Does prudently their Toyles upbraid ;

While

While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
To weave the Garlands of repose.

II.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

III.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties Hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'cer you barks I wound;
No Name shall but your own be found.

IV.

When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The Gods, that mortal Beauty chase,
Still in a Tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted *Daphne* so,
Only that She might *Laurel* grow.
And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

V.

What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my head;

The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
 Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
 The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
 Into my hands themselves do reach;
 Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
 Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

VI.

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
 Withdraws into its happiness:
 The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
 Does streight its own resemblance find;
 Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green Thought in a green Shade.

VII.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
 Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root;
 Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
 My Soul into the boughs does glide:
 There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
 Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
 And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
 Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

VIII.

Such was that happy Garden-state,
 While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
 After a Place so pure, and sweet,
 What other Help could yet be meet!
 But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
 To wander solitary there:
 Two Paradises 'twere in one
 To live in Paradise alone.

IX.

IX.

How well the skilful Gardner drew
Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholsome Hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

Hortus.

Quamnam adeo, mortale genus, præcordia versat?
Heu Palmæ, Laurique furor, vel simplicis Herbæ!

Arbor ut indomitos ornet vix una labores;

Tempora nec foliis præcingat tota malignis.

Dum simul implexi, tranquille adserta Quætis,

Omnigeni coeunt Flores, integraque Sylva.

Alma Quies, teneo te! & te Germana Quætis

Simplicitas! Vos ergo diu per Templâ, per urbes;

Quæsi vi, Regum perque alta Palatia frustra.

Sed vos Horrorum per opaca silentia longe

Celarant Plantæ virides, & concolor Umbra.

O! mihi si vestros liceat violasse recessus.

Erranti, lasso, & vitæ melioris anhelo,

Municipem servate novum, votoque potitum,

Frondose Cives optate in floreæ Regna.

Me quoque, vos Mulæ, & te conscie testor Apollo,

Non Armenta juvant hominum, Circique boatus,

Mugitusve Fori; sed me Pénètralia Veris,

Horroresque trahunt muti, & Consortia sola.

Virginæ quem non suspendit Gratiæ formæ?

Quam candore Nives vincuntum, Ostrumque rubore,

Vestra tamen viridis superet (me iudice) Virtus.

Nec foliis certare Comæ, nec Brachia ramis,

Nec possint tremulos voces equare susurros.

Ab quoties sævos vidi (quis credat?) Amantes

Sculptentes Dominae potiori in cortice æmen?

Nec puduit truncis inscribere vulnera sacris.

At Ego, si vestras iniquam temeræ vero stirpes,

Nulla Nexera, Chloë, Faustina, Corynna, legetur:

In proprio sed quæque libro signabitur Arbor.

O charæ Platanus, Cyparissus, Populus, Ulnus!

Hic Amor, excutis crepidatus inambulat alis,

Enerves arcus & stridula tela reponens,

Invertitque faces, nec se cupit usque timeri;

Aut experrectus jacet, indormitque pharetræ;

Non auditurus quancum Cytherea vocarit;

Nequitias referunt nec somnia vana priores.

Letantur Superi, deservescente Tyranno,

Et licet experti toties Nymphasque Deasque,

Arbore nunc melius potiuntur quisque cupita.

Jupiter annosam, neglecta conjuge, Quercum

Deperit; haud alia doluit sic pellice Juno.

Lemniacum temerant vestigia nulla Cubile,

Nec Veneris Mavors meminit si Fraxinus adsit.

Formosæ pressit Daphnes vestigia Phæbus

Ut fieret Laurus; sed nil quæsierat ultra.

Capripès & peteret quod Pan Syringa fugacem,

Hoc erat ut Calamum posset reperire Sonorum.

Defunct multa

Nec tu, Opifex horti, grato sine carmine abibis:

Qui brevibus plantis, & leto flore, notasti

Crescentes horas, atque intervalla diei.

Sol ibi candidior fragrantia Signa pererrat;

Proque truci Tauro, stricto pro forcipe Cancri,

Securis violæque rosæque allabatur umbris.

Sedula quin & Apis, mellito intenta labori,

Horologo sua pensa thymo Signare videtur.

Temporis O suaves lapsus! O Otia sana!

O Herbis digne numerari & Floribus Horæ!

To a Gentleman that only upon the sight of the Author's writing, had given a Character of his Person and Judgment of his Fortune.

Illustrissimo Vero

Domino Lanceloto Josepho de Maniban

Grammatomantis.

Quis posthac chartæ committat sensa loquaci,
 Si sua crediderit Fata subesse Stylo?
 Conscia si prodat Seribentis Litera sortem,
 Quicquid & in vita plus latuisse velit?
 Flexibus in calami tamen omnia sponte leguntur:
 Quod non significant Verba, Figura notat.
 Bellerophontæas signat sibi quisque Tabellas;
 Ignaramque Manum Spiritus intus agit.
 Nil præter solitum sapiebat Epistola nostra,
 Exemplumque meæ Simplicitatis erat.
 Fabula jucundos qualis delebat Amicos;
 Urbe, lepore, novis, carmine tota scatens.
 Hic tamen interpres quo non securior alter,
 (Non res, non Voces, non ego notus ei)
 Rimatur fibras notularum cautus Aruspex,
 Scripturæque inibians consulit exta meæ.
 Inde statim vitæ casus, animique recessus
 Explicat; (haud Genio plura liquere putem.)
 Distribuit totam nostris eventibus orbem,
 Et quo me rapiat cardine Sphæra docet.
 Quæ Sol oppositus, quæ Mars adversa minetur,
 Jupiter aut ubi me, Luna, Venusque juvent.
 Ut truci intentet mihi vulnere Cauda Draconis;
 Vipereo levet ut vulnere more Caput.
 Hinc mihi præteriti rationes atque futuri
 Elicit; Astrologus certior Astronomo.

Hic

Ut conjecturas nequeam discernere vero,
 Historia superet sed Genitura fidem.
 Usque adeo cæli respondet pagina nostræ,
 Aëtorum & nexis syllaba scripta refert.
 Scilicet & toti sub sunt Oracula mundo,
 Dummodo tot foliis una Sibylla foret.
 Partum, Fortunæ mater Natura, propinquum
 Mille modis monstrat mille per indicia :
 Ingentemque Uterum quæ mole Puerpera solvat ;
 Vivit at in præsens maxima pars hominum.
 Ast Tu sorte tuâ gaude Celeberrime Vatum ;
 Scribe , sed haud superest qui tua fata legat.
 Nostra tamen si fas præfugia jungere vestris,
 Quo magis inspecti sidera spernis humum.
 Et, nisi stellarum fueris divina propago,
 Naupliada credam te Palamede satum.
 Qui dedit ex avium scriptoria signa volatu,
 Sydereæque idem nobilis arte fuit.
 Hinc utriusque tibi cognata scientia crevit,
 Nec minus augurium Litera quam dat Avis.

Fleckno, an English Priest at Rome.

Oblig'd by frequent visits of this man,
 Whom as Priest, Poet, and Musician,
 I for some branch of Melchizedeck took,
 (Though he derives himself from my Lord Brooke)
 I sought his Lodging ; which is at the Sign
 Of the sad Pelican ; Subject divine
 For Poetry : There three Stair-Cases high,
 Which signifies his triple property,
 I found at last a Chamber, as 'twas said,
 But seem'd a Coffin set on the Stairs head.
 Not higher then Seav'n, nor larger then three feet ;
 Only there was nor Seeling, nor a Sheer,

Save

Save that th' ingenious Door did as you come
Turn in, and shew to Wainscot half the Room.
Yet of his State no man could have complain'd ;
There being no Bed where he entertain'd :
And though within one Cell so narrow pent,
He'd *Stanza's* for a whole Appartement.

Straight without further information,
In hideous verse, he, and a dismal tone,
Begins to exercise ; as if I were
Possess'd ; and sure the *Devil* brought me there.
But I, who now imagin'd my self brought
To my last Tryal, in a serious thought
Calm'd the disorders of my youthful Breast,
And to my Martyrdom prepar'd Rest.
Only this frail Ambition did remain,
The last distemper of the sober Brain,
That there had been some present to assure
The future Ages how I did indure :
And how I, silent, turn'd my burning Ear
Towards the Verse ; and when that could not hear,
Held him the other ; and unchanged yet,
Ask'd still for more, and pray'd him to repeat :
Till the Tyrant, weary to persecute,
Left off, and try'd t' allure me with his Lute.

Now as two Instruments, to the same key
Being tun'd by Art, if the one touch'd be
The other opposite as soon replies,
Mov'd by the Air and hidden Sympathies ;
So while he with his gouty Fingers craules
Over the Lute, his murmuring Belly calls,
Whose hungry Guts to the same streightness twin'd
In Echo to the trembling Strings repin'd.

I, that perceiv'd now what his Musick ment,
Ask'd civilly if he had eat this Lent.
He answer'd yes ; with such, and such an one.
For he has this of gen'rous, that alone
He never feeds ; save only when he tries
With gristly Tongue to dart the passing Flyes.

I ask'd if he eat flesh. And he, that was
 So hungry that though ready to say *Mafs*
 Would break his fast before, said he was Sick,
 And th' *Ordinance* was only Politick.
 Nor was I longer to invite him : Scant
 Happy at once to make him Protestant,
 And Silent. Nothing now Dinner stay'd
 But till he had himself a Body made.
 I mean till he were drest : for else so thin
 He stands, as if he only fed had been
 With consecrated Wafers : and the *Host*
 Hath sure more flesh and blood then he can boast.
 This *Basso Relievo* of a Man;
 Who as a Camel tall, yet easily can
 The Needles Eye thread without any stitch,
 (His only impossible is to be rich)
 Left his too suttile Body, growing rare,
 Should leave his Soul to wander in the Air,
 He therefore circumscribes himself in rimes ;
 And swaddled in's own papers seaven times,
 Wears a close Jacket of poetick Buff,
 With which he doth his third Dimension Stuff.
 Thus armed underneath, he over all
 Does make a primitive *Sotana* fall ;
 And above that yet casts an antick Cloak,
 Worn at the first Counsel of *Antioch* ;
 Which by the *Jews* long hid, and Disesteem'd,
 He heard of by Tradition, and redeem'd.
 But were he not in this black habit deck't,
 This half transparent Man would soon reflect
 Each colour that he past by ; and be seen,
 As the *Chamelion*, yellow, blew, or green.
 • He drest, and ready to disfurnish now
 His Chamber, whose compactness did allow
 No empty place for complementing doubt,
 But who came last is forc'd first to go out ;
 I meet one on the Stairs who made me stand,
 Stopping the passage, and did him demand :

I answer'd he is here *Sir* ; but you see
You cannot pass to him but thorow me.
He thought himself affronted ; and reply'd,
I whom the Pallace never has deny'd
Will make the way here ; I said *Sir* you'l do
Me a great favour, for I seek to go.
He gathering fury still made sign to draw ;
But himself there clos'd in a Scabbard saw
As narrow as his Sword's ; and I, that was
Delightful, said there can no Body pass
Except by penetration hither, where
Two make a crowd ; nor can three Persons here
Consist but in one substance. Then, to fit
Our peace, the Priest said I too had some wit :
To prov't, I said, the place doth us invite
But its own narrowness, *Sir*, to unite.
He ask'd me pardon ; and to make me way
Went down, as I him follow'd to obey.
But the propitiatory Priest had straight
Oblig'd us, when below, to celebrate
Together our attonement : so increas'd
Betwixt us two the Dinner to a Feast.

Let it suffice that we could eat in peace ;
And that both Poems did and Quatrels cease
During the Table ; though my new made Friend
Did, as he threatned, ere 'twere long intend
To be both witty and valiant : I loth,
Said 'twas too late, he was already both.

But now, Alas, my first Tormentor came,
Who satisfy'd with eating, but not tame
Turns to recite ; though Judges most severe
After th'Assizes dinner mild appear,
And on full stomach do condemn but few :
Yet he more strict my sentence doth renew ;
And draws out of the black box of his Breast
Ten quire of paper in which he was dress'd.
Yet that which was a greater cruelty
Then *Nero's* Poem he calls charity :

K

And

And so the *Pelican* at his door hung
 Picks out the tender bosome to its young.
 Of all his Poems there he stands ungirt
 Save only two foul copies for his shirt :
 Yet these he promises as soon as clean.
 But how I loath'd to see my Neighbour glean
 Those papers, which he pill'd from within
 Like white fleaks rising from a Leaper's skin !
 More odious then those raggs which the *French* youth
 At ordinaries after dinner shew'th,
 When they compare their *Chancres* and *Poulains*.
 Yet he first kist them, and after takes pains
 To read ; and then, because he understood (good.
 Not one Word, thought and swore that they were
 But all his praises could not now appease
 The provok't Author, whom it did displease
 To hear his Verses, by so just a curse,
 That were ill made condemn'd to be read worse :
 And how (impossible) he made yet more
 Absurdities in them then were before.
 For he his untun'd voice did fall or raise
 As a deaf Man upon a Viol playes,
 Making the half points and the periods run
 Confus'd then the atomes in the Sun.
 Thereat the Poet swell'd, with anger full,
 And roar'd out, like *Perillus* in's own Bull ;
 Sir you read false. That any one but you
 Should know the contrary. Whereat, I, now
 Made Mediator, in my room, said, Why ?
 To say that you read false Sir is no Lye.
 Thereat the waxen Youth relented straight ;
 But saw with sad despair that was too late:
 For the disdainful Poet was retir'd
 Home, his most furious Satyr to have fir'd
 Against the Rebel ; who, at this struck dead,
 Wept bitterly as disinherited.
 Who should commend his Mistress now ? Or who
 Praise him ? both difficult indeed to do

With

With truth. I counsell'd him to go in time,
Ere the fierce Poets anger turn'd to rime.

He hasted ; and I, finding my self free,
As one escap't strangely from Captivity,
Have made the Chance be painted ; and go now
To hang it in Saint Peter's for a Vow.

Dignissimo suo Amico Doctori Wittie.

De Translatione Vulgi Errorum D. Primrosij.

NEmpe sic innumero succrescunt agmine libri,
Sæpia vix toto ut jam natet una mari.
Fortius assidui surgunt a vulnere præli :
Quoque magis pressa est, auctior Hydra redit.
Heu quibus Anticyris, quibus est sanabilis herbis
Improba scribendi pestis, avarus amor !
India sola tenet tanti medicamina morbi,
Dicitur & nostris ingemuisse malis.
Utile Tabacci dedit illa miserta venenum,
Acci veratro quod meliora potest.
Jamque vides olidas libris fumare popinas :
Naribus O doctis quam pretiosus odor !
Hæc ego præcipua credo herbam dote placere,
Hinc tuus has nebulas Doctor in æstra vehit.
Ab mea quid tandem facies timidissima charta ?
Exequias Siticen jam parat usque tuas.
Hunc subeas librum Sancti ceu limen asyli,
Quem neque delebit flamma, nec ira forvis.

*To his worthy Friend Doctor Witty upon his
Translation of the Popular Errors.*

SIT further, and make room for thine own fame,
Where just desert enrolles thy honour'd Name

The good Interpreter. Some in this task
 Take of the Cypress vail, but leave a mask,
 Changing the Latine, but do more obscure
 That fence in *English* which was bright and pure.
 So of Translators they are Authors grown,
 For ill Translators make the Book their own.
 Others do strive with words and forced phrase
 To add such lustre, and so many rayes,
 That but to make the Vessel shining, they
 Much of the precious Metal rub away.
 He is Translations thief that addeth more,
 As much as he that taketh from the Store
 Of the first Author. Here he maketh blots
 That mends; and added beauties are but spots.

Cælia whose *English* doth more richly flow
 Then *Tagus*, purer then dissolved snow,
 And sweet as are her lips that speak it, she
 Now learns the tongues of *France* and *Italy*;
 But she is *Cælia* still: no other grace
 But her own smiles commend that lovely face;
 Her native beauty's not Italianated,
 Nor her chaste mind into the *French* translated:
 Her thoughts are *English*, though her sparkling wit
 With other Language doth them fitly fit.

Translators learn of her: but stay I slide
 Down into Error with the Vulgar tide;
 Women must not teach here: the Doctor doth
 Stint them to Cawdles Almond-milk, and Broth.
 Now I reform, and surely so will all
 Whose happy Eyes on thy Translation fall,
 I see the people hastning to thy Book,
 Liking themselves the worse the more they look,
 And so disliking, that they nothing see
 Now worth the liking, but thy Book and thee.
 And (if I Judgment have) I censure right;
 For something guides my hand that I must write.
 You have Translations statutes best fulfil'd.
 That handling neither sully nor would guild.

On Mr. Milton's *Paradise lost*.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
 In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crown'd, *Gods* Reconcil'd Decree,
 Rebelling *Angels*, the Forbidden Tree,
 Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
 Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,
 That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
 The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song,
 (So *Sampson* groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)
 The World o' rewhelming to revenge his Sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
 I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;
 Through that wide Field how he his way should find
 O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
 Left he perplext the things he would explain,
 And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
 (Such as disquiet alwayes what is well,
 And by ill imitating would excell)
 Might hence presume the whole Creations day
 To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
 My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
 Within thy Labours to pretend a Share.
 Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit;
 And all that was improper dost omit:
 So that no room is here for Writers left,
 But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign
 Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.

And

And things divine thou treats of in such state
 As them preserves, and Thee inviolate.
 At once delight and horreur on us seize,
 Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;
 And above humane flight dost soar aloft,
 With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
 The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
 So never Flaps, but alwaies keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou Words of such a compass find?
 Whence furnish such a vast expense of Mind?
 Just Heav'n Thee, like *Tiresias*, to requite,
 Rewards with *Prophecie* thy loss of Sight.

Well might thou scorn thy Readers to allure
 With tinkling Rhime, of thy own Sense secure;
 While the *Town-Bays* writes all the while and spells,
 And like a Pack-Horse tires without his Bells.
 Their Fancies like our bushy Points appear,
 The Poets tag them; we for fashion wear.
 I too transported by the *Mode* offend,
 And while I meant to Praise thee, must Commend.
 Thy verse created like thy Theme sublime,
 In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

Inscribenda Luparæ.

Consurgit Luparæ Dum non imitabile culmen,
 Elcuriale ingens uritur invidia.

Aliter.

Regibus hæc posuit Ludovicus Templâ futuris;
 Gravior ast ipsi Castra fuere Domus.

Aliter.

Hanc sibi Sydeream Ludovicus condidit Aulam;
 Nec se propterea credidit esse Deum.

Aliter.

Aliter.

Atria miraris, summotumque Æthera fectò;
Nec tamen in toto est arctior Orbe Casa.

Aliter.

Instituente domum Ludovico, prodiit Orbis;
Sic tamen angustos incolit ille Lares.

Aliter.

Sunt geminæ Jani Portæ, sunt Tectâ Tonantis;
Nec deerit Numen dum Ludovicus adeat.

Upon an Eunuch; a Poet.

Fragment.

NEC sterilem te crede; licet, mulieribus exul;
Falcem virginis nequeas immittere messi,
Et nostro peccare modo. Tibi Fama peremè
Prægnabit; rapiesque novem de monse Sorores;
Et pariet modulos Echo repetita Nepotes.

In the French translation of *Lucan*, by Monsieur
De Brebeuf are these Verses.

C'Est de luy que nous vient cet Art ingenieux
De peindre la Parole, et de parler aux Yeux;
Et, par les traits divers de figures tracees,
Donner de la couleur et du corps aux pensees.

Translated

Translated.

*Facundis dedit ille notis, interprete plumas
Insinuare sonos oculis, & pingere voces,
Et mentem chartis, oculis impertiit aurem.*

Senec. Traged. ex Thyeste Chor. 2,

*Stet quicumque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico &c.*

Translated.

Climb at Court for me that will
Tottering favors Pinacle;
All I seek is to lye still.
Settled in some secret Nest
In calm Leisure let me rest;
And far of the publick Stage
Pass away my silent Age.
Thus when without noise, unknown,
I have liv'd ont all my span,
I shall dye, without a groan,
An old honest Country man.
Who expos'd to others Ey's,
Into his own Heart ne'r pry's,
Death to him's a Strange surprise

Janæ

Janæ Oxenbrigie Epitaphium.

Juxta hoc Marmor, breve Mortalitatis speculum, Exuvia
 jacent Janæ Oxenbrigie. Que nobili, si id dixisse
 attinet, paterno Butleriorum, materno Clavingiorum
 genere orta, Johanni Oxenbrigio Collegii hujus socio nup-
 sit. Prosperorum deinceps et adversorum ei Consors fidelis-
 sima. Quem, Religionis causa oberrantem, Usque ad incer-
 tam Bermudæ Insulam secuta: Nec Mare vastum, nec
 tempestates horridas exhorruit: sed, delicato Corpore, quos non
 Labores exaudivit? quæ non, obivit Itinera? Tantum Ma-
 riti potuit Amor, sed magis Dei. Tandem cum, (redemite
 conscientiarum libertate) in patriam rediit, magnam partem
 Angliæ cum Marito pervagata; qui letus undequaque de
 novo disseminabat Evangelium. Ipsa maximum ministerii
 sui decus, & antiqua modestia eandem animarum capturam
 domi, quam ille foris exercens, hic tandem divino nutu cum il-
 lo consedit: Ubi pietatis erga Deum, conjugalis & materni
 affectus, erga proximos charitatis, omnium denique Virtutum
 Christianarum Exemplum degebat inimitabile. Donec quin-
 que annorum hydropes laborans, per lenta incrementa ultra hu-
 mani corporis modum intumuit. Anima interim spei plena, fi-
 dei ingens, Stagnanti humorum diluvio tranquille vehebatur. Et
 tandem, post 37. peregrinationis annos, 23 Apr. Anno 1658.
 Evolvit ad Cælos, tanquam Columba ex Arca Corporis: Cu-
 jus semper dulci, semper amara memoria, Mœrens Maritus
 posuit. Flentibus juxta quatuor liberis, Daniele, Bathshua,
 Elizabetha, Maria.

L

Johannis

Johannis Trotii Epitaphium.

Charissimo Filio &c.

Pater & Mater &c.

funebrem tabulam curavimus.

A Ge Marmor, & pro solita tua humanitate,
(Ne inter Parentum Dolorem & Modestiam
Supprimantur præclari Juvenis merita laudes)

Effare Johannis Trotii brevis elogium.

Erat ille totus Candidus, Polius, Solidus,

Ultra vel Parii Marmoris metaphoram,

Et Gemmi Sculpti dignus, non Lapidis.

E Schola Wintoniensi ad Academiam Oxonii,

Inde ad Interioris Templi Hispaniam peritum fecerat:

Summe Spei, Summe Indolis, ubique vestigia reliquit;

Supra Sexum Veneratus,

Supra Ætatem Doctus,

Ingentiosus supra Fidem.

Et jam vicefimum tertium annum inierat,

Pulcherrimo undequaque vitæ prospectu,

Quem Mors immatura obstruxit.

Ferales Pusillæ Corpus tam affabre factum

Ludibrio habuere, & vivo incrustarunt sepulchro.

Anima evasit Libera, Æterna, Felix,

Et morti insultans

Mortalem Sortem cum Fœnore accipiet.

Nos interim, meri vespillones,

Parentes Filia extra ordinem Parentantes,

Subtus in gentilitio crypta reliquias composuimus,

Ipsi eandem ad Dei nutum subituri.

Natus est &c. Mortuus &c. reviviscet

Primo Resurrectionis.

TO
Sir John Trott,

Honoured Sir,

I Have not that vanity to believe, if you weigh your late Loss by the common ballance, that any thing I can write to you should lighten your resentments: nor if you measure things by the rule of Christianity, do I think it needful to comfort you in your own duty and your Sons happiness. Only having a great esteem and affection for you, and the grateful memory of him that is departed being still green and fresh upon my Spirit, I cannot forbear to inquire how you have stood the second shock at your sad meeting of Friends in the Country. I know that the very sight of those who have been witnesses of our better Fortune, doth but serve to reinforce a Calamity. I know the contagion of grief, and infection of Tears, and especially when it runs in a blood. And I my self could sooner imitate then blame those innocent relentings of Nature, so that they spring from tenderness only and humanity, not from an implacable sorrow. The Tears of a family may flow together like those little drops that compact the Rainbow, and if they be plac'd with the same advantage towards Heaven as those are to the Sun, they too have their splendor: and like that bow while they unbend into seasonable showers, yet they promise that there shall not be a second flood. But the dissoluteness of grief, the prodigality of sorrow is neither to be indulg'd in a mans self, nor comply'd within others. If that were allowable in these cases, *Eliz's* was the readiest way and highest complement of

L 2

mourning,

mourning, who fell back from his seat and broke his neck. But neither does that precedent hold. For though he had been Chancellor, and in effect King of *Israel*, for so many years; and such men value as themselves for their losses at an higher rate than others; yet when he heard that *Israel* was overcome, that his two Sons *Hophni* and *Phineas* were slain in one day, and saw himself so without hope of Issue, and which imbittered it further without succession to the Government, yet he fell not till the News that the Ark of God was taken. I pray God that we may never have the same paralel perfected in our publick concernments. Then we shall need all the strength of Grace and Nature to support us. But upon a private loss, and sweetned with so many circumstances as yours, to be impatient, to be uncomfortable, would be to dispute with God and beg the question. Though in respect of an only gourd an only Son be inestimable, yet in comparison to God man bears a thousand times less proportion: so that it is like *Jonah's* sin to be angry at God for the withering of his Shadow. *Zipporah*, though the delay had almost cost her husband his life, yet when he did but circumcise her Son, in a womanish peevishness reproacht *Moses* as a bloody husband. But if God take the Son himself, but spare the Father, shall we say that he is a bloody God. He that gave his own Son, may he not take ours? 'Tis pride that makes a Rebel. And nothing but the over-weening of our selves and our own things that raises us against divine Providence. Whereas *Abraham's* obedience was better then Sacrifice. And if God please to accept both, it is indeed a farther Tryal, but a greater honour. I could say over upon this beaten occasion most of those lessons of morality and religion that have been so often repeated and are as soon forgotten. We abound with precept, but we want examples. You, Sir, that have all these things in your memory, and the clearness of whose Judgment is not to be obscured by any greater interposition,

interposition, it remains that you be exemplary to others in your own practice: 'Tis true, it is an hard task to learn and teach at the same time. And, where your self are the experiment, it is as if a man should dissect his own body and read the Anatomy Lecture. But I will not heighten the difficulty while I advise the attempt. Only, as in difficult things, you will do well to make use of all that may strengthen and assist you. The word of God: The society of good men: and the books of the Ancients. There is one way more, which is by diversion, business, and activity; which are also necessary to be used in their season. But I myself, who live to so little purpose, can have little authority or ability to advise you in it, who are a Person that are and may be much more so generally useful. All that I have been able to do since, hath been to write this sorry Elogie of your Son, which if it be as good as I could wish, it is as yet no undecent employment. However I know you will take any thing kindly from your very affectionate friend and most humble Servant.

Edmundi Trotii Epitaphium.

Charissimo Filio

Edmundo Trotio

Posuimus Pater & Mater

Frustra superstites.

L Egite Parentes, Vanissimus hominum ordo,
Figuli Filiorum, Substructores Hominum,
Factores Opum, Longi Speroiores,
Et nostro, si fas, sapite infortunio:
Fuit Edmundus Trotius
E quatuor masculæ stirpis residuus,
Statura iusta, Forma virili, specie eximia;

Medo

Medio juventutis Robore simul & Flore,
 Aspectu, In cessu, sermone juxta amabilis,
 Et siquid ultra Cineri pretium addit.

Honesta Disciplina domi imbutus,
 Peregre profectus

Generosis Artibus Animum
 Et exercitiis Corpus firmaverat.

Circæam Insulam, Scopulos Sirenum
 Præternavigavit,

Et in hoc naufragio morum & sæculi
 Solus perdiderat nihil, auxit plurimum.

Hinc erga Deum pietate,
 Erga nos Amore & Obsequio,
 Comitæ erga Omnes, & intra se Modestia.

Insignis, & quantævis fortune capax :
 Delitiæ Aequalium, Senum Plausus,
 Oculi Parentum, (nunc, ah, Lachrymæ)

In eo tandem peccavit quoddam mortalis.

Et fatali Pusularum morbo aspersus,
 Factus est

(Ut veræ Laudis Invidiam ficto Convitio levenus)

Proditor Amicorum, Parricida Parentum,
 Familiæ Spongia :

Et Naturæ invertens ordinem

Nostri sui que Contemptor,

Mundi Desertor, defecit ad Deum.

Undecimo Augusti; Æræ Christiæ 1667.

Talis quum fuerit Calo non invidemus.

An Epitaph upon ———

Here under rests the body of ———, who in his life-time reflected all the lustre he derived from his Family, and recompens'd the Honour of his Descent by his Virtue. For being of an excellent Nature, he cultivated it nevertheless by all the best means of

of improvement: nor left any spot empty for the growth of Pride, or Vanity. So that, although he was polished to the utmost perfection, he appeared only as a Mirrour for others, not himself to look in. Cheerful without Gall, Sober without Formality, Prudent without Stratagem; and Religious without Affectation. He neither neglected, nor yet pretended to Business: but as he loved not to make work, so not to leave it imperfect. He understood, but was not enamour'd of Pleasure. He never came before in Injury, nor behind in Courtesie: nor found sweetness in any Revenge but that of Gratitude. He studiously discharged the obligations of a Subject, a Son, a Friend, and an Husband, as if those relations could have consisted only on his part. Having thus walked upright, and easily through this World, nor contributed by any excess to his Mortality; yet Death took him: where in therefore, as his last Duty, he signaliz'd the more his former Life with all the Decency and Recumbence of a departing Christian.

An Epitaph upon —

Enough: and leave the rest to Fame.
 'Tis to commend her but to name.
 Courtship, which living she declin'd,
 When dead to offer were unkind.
 Where never any could speak ill,
 Who would officious Praises spill?
 Nor can the truest Wit or Friend,
 Without Detracting, her commend.
 To say she liv'd a *Virgin* chaste,
 In this Age loose and all unlac't;
 Nor was, when Vice is so allow'd,
 Of *Virtue* or asham'd, or proud;

That

That her Soul was on *Heaven* so bent
 No Minute but it came and went ;
 That ready her last Debt to pay
 She summ'd her Life up ev'ry day ;
 Modest as Morn ; as Mid-day bright ;
 Gentle as Ev'ning ; cool as Night ;
 'Tis true : but all so weakly said ;
 'Twere more Significant, *She's Dead.*

Epigramma in Duos montes Amosclivum
 Et Bilboreum. Farfacio.

CERNIS ut ingenti distinguant limite campum
 Montis Amos clivi Bilboreique juga !
 Ille stat indomitus turritis undique saxis :
 Cingit huic letum Fraxinus alta Caput.
 Illi petra minax rigidis cervicibus horret :
 Huic quatiant virides lenia colla jubar.
 Fulcit Atlanteo Rupes ea vertice celos :
 Collis at hic humeros subjicit Herculeos.
 Hic ceu carceribus visum sylvaque coerces :
 Ille Oculos alter dum quasi meta trahit.
 Ille Giganteum surgit ceu Pelion Ossa :
 Hic agit ut Pindi culmine Nympha chorus.
 Erectus, præceps, salebrosus, & arduus ille :
 Acclivis, placidus, mollis, amœnus hic est.
 Dissimilis Domino coit Natura sub uno ;
 Farfaciaque tremunt sub ditione pares.
 Dumque triumphanti terras perlabitur Axe,
 Præteriens æqua stringit utrumque Rota.
 Asper in adversos, facilis cedentibus idem ;
 Ut credas Montes extimulasse suos.
 Hi sunt Alcidae Borealis nempe Columnæ,
 Quos medio scindit vallis opaca freto.
 An potius longe sic prona cacumina nutant
 Parnassius cupiant esse Maria iunus.

Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borow.

To the Lord Fairfax.

I.

SEE how the arched Earth does here
Rise in a perfect Hemisphere !
The stiffest Compass could not strike
A Line more circular and like ;
Nor softest Pensel draw a Brow
So equal as this Hill does bow.
It seems as for a Model laid,
And that the World by it was made.

II.

Here learn ye Mountains more unjust,
Which to abrupter greatness thrust,
That do with your hook-shoulder'd height
The Earth deform and Heaven fright.
For whose excrescence ill design'd,
Nature must a new Center find,
Learn here those humble steps to tread,
Which to securer Glory lead:

III.

See what a soft access and wide
Lyes open to its grassy side ;
Nor with the rugged path deterr'd
The feet of breathless Travellers:
See then how courteous it ascends,
And all the way it rises bends ;
Nor for it self the height does gain,
But only strives to raise the Plain.

M

IV.

IV.

Yet thus it all the field commands,
 And in unenvy'd Greatness stands,
 Discerning furthe then the Cliff
 Of Heaven-daring *Teneriff*.
 How glad the weary Seamen haſt
 When they ſalute it from the Maſt !
 By Night the Northern Star their way
 Directs, and this no leſs by Day.

V.

Upon its creſt this Mountain grave
 A Plum of aged Trees does wave.
 No hoſtile hand durſt ere invade
 With impious Steel the ſacred Shade.
 For ſomething alwaies did appear
 Of the great *Maſters* terrour there :
 And Men could hear his Armour ſtill
 Ratling through all the Grove and Hill.

VI.

Fear of the *Maſter*, and reſpect
 Of the great *Nymph* did it protect ;
Vera the *Nymph* that him inſpir'd,
 To whom he often here retir'd,
 And on theſe Okes ingrav'd her Name ;
 Such Wounds alone theſe Woods became :
 But ere he well the Barks could part
 'Twas writ already in their Heart.

VII.

For they ('tis credible) have ſenſe,
 As We, of Love and Reverence,
 And underneath the Courſer Rind
 The *Genius* of the houſe do bind.

Hence

Hence they successes seem to know,
And in their *Lord's* advancement grow;
But in no Memory were seen
As under this so streight and green.

VIII.

Yet now no further strive to shoot,
Contented if they fix their Root.
Nor to the winds uncertain gust,
Their prudent Heads too far intrust.
Onely sometimes a flut'ring Breez
Discourses with the breathing Trees;
Which in their modest Whispers name
Those Acts that swell'd the Cheek of Fame.

IX.

Much other Groves, say they, then these
And other Hills him once did please.
Through Groves of Pikes he thunder'd then,
And Mountains rais'd of dying Men.
For all the *Civick Garlands* due
To him our Branches are but few.
Nor are our Trunks enow to bear
The *Trophees* of one fertile Year.

X.

'Tis true, the Trees nor ever spoke
More certain *Oracles* in Oak.
But Peace (if you his favour prize)
That Courage its own Praises flies.
Therefore to your obscurer Seats
From his own Brightness he retreats:
Nor he the Hills without the Groves,
Nor Height but with Retirement loves.

Upon Appleton House, to my Lord Fairfax.

I.

W^Ithin this sober Frame expect
Work of no Forrain Architect;
That unto Caves the Quarries drew,
And Forrests did to Pastures hew;
Who of his great Design in pain
Did for a Model vault his Brain;
Whose Columnes should so high be rais'd
To arch the Brows that on them gaz'd.

II.

Why should of all things Man unrul'd
Such unproportion'd dwellings build?
The Beasts are by their Dens exempt:
And Birds contrive an equal Nest;
The low roof'd Tortoises do dwell
In cases fit of Tortoise-shell:
No Creature loves an empty space;
Their Bodies measure out their Place.

III.

But He, superfluously spread,
Demands more room alive then dead.
And in his hollow Palace goes
Where Winds as he themselves may lose.
What need of all this Marble Crust
T'impark the wanton Mose of Dust,
That thinks by Breadth the World t' unite
Though the first Builders fail'd in Height?

IV.

IV.

But all things are compos'd here
Like Nature, orderly and near :
In which we the Dimensions find
Of that more sober Age and Mind,
When larger sized Men did stoop
To enter at a narrow loop ;
As practising, in doors so strait,
To strain themselves through *Heavens Gate*.

V.

And surely when the after Age
Shall hither come in *Pilgrimage*,
These sacred Places to adore,
By *Vere* and *Fairfax* trod before,
Men will dispute how their Extent
Within such dwarfish Confin'es went :
And some will smile at this, as well
As *Romulus* his Bee-like Cell.

VI.

Humility alone designs
Those short but admirable Lines,
By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,
Things greater are in less contain'd.
Let others vainly strive t'immure
The Circle in the *Quadrature* !
These *holy Mathematicks* can
In ev'ry Figure equal Man.

VII.

Yet thus the laden House does sweat,
And scarce indures the *Master* great :
But where he comes the swelling Hall
Stirs, and the *Square* grows Spherical ;

More by his *Magnitude* distrest,
Then he is by its straintness prest :
And too officiously it flights
That in it self which him delights.

VIII.

So Honour better Lowness bears,
Then That unwonted Greatness wears.
Height with a certain Grace does bend,
But low Things clownishly ascend.
And yet what needs there here Excuse,
Where ev'ry Thing does answer Use ?
Where neatness nothing can condemn,
Nor Pride invent what to condemn ?

IX.

A Stately *Frontispice of Poor*
Adorns without the open Door :
Nor less the Rooms within commends
Daily new *Furniture of Friends*.
The House was built upon the Place
Only as for a *Mark of Grace* ;
And for an *Inn* to entertain
Its *Lord* a while, but not remain.

X.

Him *Bishops-Hill*, or *Denton* may,
Or *Bilbrough*, better hold then they :
But Nature here hath been so free
As if she said leave this to me.
Art would more neatly have defac'd
What she had laid so sweetly wast ;
In fragrant Gardens, shady Woods,
Deep Meadows, and transparent Floods.

XI.

While with slow Eyes we these survey,
And on each pleasant footstep stay,
We opportunly may relate
The Progress of this Houses Fate.
A *Nunnery* first gave it birth.
For *Virgin Buildings* oft brought forth.
And all that Neighbour-Ruine shows
The Quarries whence this dwelling rose.

XII.

Near to this gloomy Cloysters Gates
There dwelt the blooming Virgin *Thwates*;
Fair beyond Measure, and an Heir
Which might Deformity make fair.
And oft She spent the Summer Suns
Discourfing with the *Suttle Nuns*.
Whence in these Words one to her weav'd,
(As 'twere by Chance) Thoughts long conceiv'd.

XIII.

' Within this holy leifure we
' Live innocently as you fee.
' These Walls restrain the World without;
' But hedge our Liberty about.
' These Bars inclose that wider Den
' Of those wild Creatures, called Men.
' The Cloyster outward shuts its Gates,
' And, from us, locks on them the Grates.

XIV.

' Here we, in shining Armour white,
' Like *Virgin Amazons* do fight.
' And our chaste *Lamps* we hourly trim,
' Left the great *Bridegroom* find them dim.

' Our

'Our *Orient* Breaths perfumed are
 'With insense of incessant Pray'r.
 'And Holy-water of our Tears
 'Most strangely our Complexion clears.

XV.

'Not Tears of Grief; but such as those
 'With which calm Pleasure overflows;
 'Or Pity, when we look on you
 'That live without this happy Vow.
 'How should we grieve that must be seen
 'Each one a *Spouse*, and each a *Queen*;
 'And can in *Heaven* hence behold
 'Our brighter Robes and Crowns of Gold?

XVI.

'When we have prayed all our Beads,
 'Some One the holy *Legend* reads;
 'While all the rest with Needles paint
 'The Face and Graces of the *Saint*.
 'But what the Linnen can't receive
 'They in their Lives do interweave.
 'This Work the *Saints* best represents;
 'That serves for *Altar's* Ornaments.

XVII.

'But much it to our work would add
 'If here your hand, your Face we had:
 'By it we would our *Lady* touch;
 'Yet thus She you resembles much.
 'Some of your Features, as we sow'd,
 'Through ev'ry *Shrine* should be bestow'd,
 'And in one Beauty we would take
 'Enough a thousand *Saints* to make.

XVIII.

‘ And (for I dare not quench the Fire
 ‘ That me does for your good inspire)
 ‘ ’Twere Sacrilege a Mant t’admit
 ‘ To holy things, for *Heaven* fit.
 ‘ I see the *Angels* in a Crown
 ‘ On you the Lillies show’ring down :
 ‘ And round about you Glory breaks,
 ‘ That something more then humane speaks.

XIX.

‘ All Beauty, when at such a height,
 ‘ Is so already consecrate.
 ‘ *Fairfax* I know ; and long ere this
 ‘ Have mark’d the Youth, and what he is.
 ‘ But can he such a *Rival* seem
 ‘ For whom you *Heav’n* should disesteem ?
 ‘ Ah, no ! and ’twould more Honour prove
 ‘ He your *Devoto* were, then *Love*.

XX.

‘ Here live beloved, and obey’d ;
 ‘ Each one your Sister, each your Maid.
 ‘ And, if our Rule seem strictly pend,
 ‘ The Rule it self to you shall bend.
 ‘ Our *Abbes* too, now far in Age,
 ‘ Doth your succession near preface.
 ‘ How soft the yoke on us would lye,
 ‘ Might such fair Hands as yours it tye !

XXI.

‘ Your voice, the sweetest of the Quire,
 ‘ Shall draw *Heav’n* nearer, raise us higher.
 ‘ And your Example, if our Head,
 ‘ Will soon us to perfection lead.

' Those Virtues to us all so dear,
 ' Will straight grow Sanctity when here :
 ' And that, once sprung, increase so fast
 ' Till Miracles it work at last.

XXII.

' Nor is our *Order* yet so nice;
 ' Delight to banish as a Vice.
 ' Here Pleasure Piety doth meet ;
 ' One perfecting the other Sweet.
 ' So through the mortal fruit we boyl
 ' The Sugars uncorrupting Oyl :
 ' And that which perisht while we pull,
 ' Is thus preserved clear and full.

XXIII.

' For such indeed are all our Arts ;
 ' Skill handling Natures finest Parts.
 ' Flow'rs dresse the Altars ; for the Clothes,
 ' The Sea-born Amber we compose ;
 ' Balms for the griev'd we draw ; and Pastes
 ' We mold, as Baits for curious tastes.
 ' What need is here of Man ? unless
 ' These as sweet Sins we should confess.

XXIV.

' Each Night among us to your side
 ' Appoint a fresh and Virgin Bride ;
 ' Whom if *our Lord* at midnight find,
 ' Yet Neither should be left behind.
 ' Where you may lye as chaste in Bed,
 ' As Pearls together billeted.
 ' All Night embracing Arm in Arm,
 ' Like Chrystal pure with Cotton warm.

XXV.

‘ But what is this to all the store
 ‘ Of Joys you see, and may make more !
 ‘ Try but a while, if you be wise :
 ‘ The Tryal neither Costs, nor Tyes.
 Now *Fairfax* seek her promis’d faith :
 Religion that dispensed hath ;
 Which She hence forward does begin ;
 The *Nuns* smoothe Tongue has suckt her in ;

XXVI.

Oft, though he knew it was in vain,
 Yet would he valiantly complain.
 ‘ Is this that *Sanctity* so great,
 ‘ An Art by which you finly’r cheat ?
 ‘ Hypocrite Witches, hence *avant*,
 ‘ Who though in prison yet inchant !
 ‘ Death only can such Theeves make fast,
 ‘ As rob though in the Dungeon cast.

XXVII.

‘ Were there but, when this House was made,
 ‘ One Stone that a just Hand had laid,
 ‘ It must have fall’n upon her Head
 ‘ Who first Thee from thy Faith miss’d.
 ‘ And yet, how well soever ment,
 ‘ With them ’twould soon grow fraudulent :
 ‘ For like themselves they alter all,
 ‘ And vice infects the very Wall.

XXVIII.

‘ But sure those Buildings last not long,
 ‘ Founded by Folly, kept by Wrong.
 ‘ I know what Fruit their Gardens yield,
 ‘ When they it think by Night conceal’d.

' Fly from their Vices. 'Tis thy state,
' Not Thee, that they would consecrate.
' Fly from their Ruine. How I fear
' Though guiltless lest thou perish there.

XXIX.

What should he do? He would respect
Religion, but not Right neglect:
For first Religion taught him Right,
And dazled not but clear'd his sight.
Sometimes resolv'd his Sword he draws,
But reverenceth then the Laws:
For Justice still that Courage led;
First from a Judge, then Souldier bred.

XXX.

Small Honour would be in the Storm.
The Court him grants the lawful Form;
Which licens'd either Peace or Force;
To hinder the unjust Divorce.
Yet still the Nuns his Right debar'd,
Standing upon their holy Guard.
Ill-counsell'd Women, do you know
Whom you resist, or what you do?

XXXI.

Is not this he whose Offspring fierce
Shall fight through all the *Universe*;
And with successive Valour try
France, Poland, either Germany;
'Till one, as long since prophecy'd,
His Horse through conquer'd *Britain* ride?
Yet, against Fate, his Spouse they kept;
And the great Race would intercept.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Some to the Breach against their Foes
Their *Wooden Saints* in vain oppose.
Another bolder stands at push
With their old *Holy-Water Brush*.
While the disjointed *Abbeſs* threads
The gingling Chain-shot of her *Beads*.
But their lowd'ſt Cannon were their Lungs;
And ſharpeſt Weapons were their Tongues.

XXXIII.

But, waving theſe aſide like Flyes,
Young *Fairfax* through the Wall does riſe.
Then th' unfrequented Vault appear'd,
And ſuperſtitions vainly fear'd.
The *Relicks* falſe were ſet to view;
Only the *Jewels* there were true.
But truly bright and holy *Thwaites*
That weeping at the *Altar* waites.

XXXIII.

But the glad Youth away her bears,
And to the *Nuns* bequeaths her Tears:
Who guiltily their Prize bemoan,
Like *Gipsies* that a Child hath ſtohn.
Thenceforth (as when th' *Incantment* ends
The *Caſtle* vaniſhes or rends)
The waſting *Cloſter* with the reſt
Was in one inſtant diſpoſſeſt.

XXXV.

At the demolishing, this Seat
To *Fairfax* fell as by Eſcheat.
And what both *Nuns* and *Founders* will'd
Tis likely better thus fulfill'd.

For

For if the *Virgin* prov'd not theirs,
 The *Cloyster* yet remained hers.
 Though many a *Nun* there made her Vow,
 'Twas no *Religious House* till now.

XXXVI.

From that blest Bed the *Heroe* came,
 Whom *France* and *Poland* yet does fame :
 Who, when retired here to Peace,
 His warlike Studies could not cease ;
 But laid these Gardens out in sport
 In the just Figure of a Fort ;
 And with five Bastions it did fence,
 As aiming one for ev'ry Sense.

XXXVII.

When in the *East* the Morning Ray
 Hangs out the Colours of the Day,
 The Bee through these known Allies hums,
 Beating the *Dian* with its *Drumms*,
 Then Flow'rs their drowsie Eylids raise,
 Their Silken Ensigns each displayes,
 And dries its Pan yet dank with Dew,
 And fills its Flask with Odours new.

XXXVIII.

These, as their *Governour* goes by,
 In fragrant Volleys they let fly ;
 And to salute their *Governess*
 Again as great a charge they press :
 None for the *Virgin Nymph* ; for She
 Seems with the Flow'rs a Flow'r to be.
 And think so still ! though not compare
 With Breath so sweet, or Cheek so faire.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Well shot ye Firemen ! Oh how sweet ;
And round your equal Fires do meet ;
Whose shrill report no Ear can tell,
But Ecchoes to the Eye and smell.
See how the Flow'rs, as at *Parade*,
Under their *Colours* stand displaid :
Each *Regiment* in order grows,
That of the Tulip Pinke and Rose.

XL.

But when the vigilant *Patroul*
Of Stars walks round about the *Pole*,
Their Leaves, that to the stalks are curl'd,
Seem to their Staves the *Ensigns* furl'd.
Then in some Flow'rs beloved Hut
Each Bee as Sentinel is shut ;
And sleeps so too : but, if once stir'd,
She runs you through, or asks the Word.

XLI.

Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle
The Garden of the World ere while,
Thou *Paradise* of four Seas,
Which *Heaven* planted us to please,
But, to exclude the World, did guard
With watry if not flaming Sword ;
What luckless Apple did we tast,
To make us Mortal, and The Wast ?

XLII.

Unhappy ! shall we never more
That sweet *Militia* restore,
When Gardens only had their Towns,
And all the Garrisons were Flowrs,

When

When Roses only Arms might bear,
 And Men did rosie Garlands wear ?
 Tulips, in several Colours barr'd,
 Were then the *Switzers* of our *Guard*.

XLIII.

The *Gardiner* had the *Souldiers* place,
 And his more gentle *Forts* did trace.
 The *Nursery* of all things green
 Was then the only *Magazeen*.
 The *Winter Quarters* were the *Stoves*,
 Where he the tender *Plants* removes.
 But *War* all this doth overgrow :
 We *Ord'nance Plant* and *Powder* sow.

XLIV.

And yet their walks one on the *Sod*
 Who, had it pleas'd him and *God*,
 Might once have made our *Gardens* spring
 Fresh as his own and flourishing.
 But he prefer'd to the *Cinque Ports* .
 These five imaginary *Forts* :
 And, in those half-dry *Trenches*, spann'd
 Pow'r which the *Ocean* might command.

XLV.

For he did, with his utmost Skill,
Ambition weed, but *Conscience* till.
Conscience, that *Heaven-nursed Plant*,
 Which most our *Earthly Gardens* want.
 A prickling leaf it bears, and such
 As that which shrinks at ev'ry touch ;
 But *Flowers* eternal, and divine,
 That in the *Crowns* of *Saints* do shine.

XLVI.

XLVI.

The fight does from these *Bastions* ply,
Th' invisable *Artillery*;
And at proud *Cawood Castle* seems
To point the *Battery* of its Beams:
As if it quarrell'd in the Seat
Th' Ambition of its *Prelate* great.
But ore the Meads below it plays,
Or innocently seems to gaze.

XLVII.

And now to the Abbyss I pass
Of that unfathomable *Grass*,
Where Men like *Grashoppers* appear,
But *Grashoppers* are *Gyants* there:
They, in there squeeking Laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low then them:
And, from the *Precipices* tall
Of the green *spir's*, to us do call.

XLVIII.

To see Men through this *Meadow* Dive,
We wonder how they rise alive.
As, under *Water*, none does know
Whether he fall through it or go.
But, as the *Marriners* that sound,
And show upon their *Lead* the *Ground*,
They bring up *Flow'rs* so to be seen,
And prove they've at the *Bottom* been.

XLIX.

No Scene that turns with *Engines* strange
Does oftner then these *Meadows* change.
For when the *Sun* the *Grass* hath vext,
The tawny *Mowers* enter next;

Who seem like *Israelites* to be,
Walking on foot through a green Sea.
To them the Grassy Deeps divide,
And crowd a Lane to either Side.

L.

With whistling *Sithe*, and Elbow strong,
These Massacre the Grass along:
While one, unknowing, carves the Rail,
Whose yet unfeather'd Quils her fail.
The Edge all bloody from its Breast
He draws, and does his stroke detest;
Fearing the Flesh untimely mow'd
To him a Fate as black forebode!

LI.

But bloody *Thesylis*, that waits
To bring the mowing Camp their Cates,
Greedy as Kites has trust it up,
And forthwith means on it to sup:
When on another quick She lights,
And cries, he call'd us *Israelites*;
But now, to make his saying true,
Rails rain for Quails, for Manna Dew.

LII.

Unhappy Birds! what does it boot
To build below the Grasses Root;
When Lowness is unsafe as Height,
And Chance o'ertakes what scapeth Spight?
And now your Orphan Parents Call
Sounds your untimely Funèral.
Death-*Trumpets* creak in such a Note,
And 'tis the *Sourdine* in their Throat.

LIII.

LIII.

Or sooner hatch or higher build :
The Mower now commands the Field ;
In whole new Traverse seemeth wrought
A Camp of Battail newly fought :
Where, as the Meads with Hay, the Plain
Lyes quilted ore with Bodies slain :
The Women that with forks it fling,
Do represent the Pillaging.

LIV.

And now the careless Victors play,
Dancing the Triumphs of the Hay ;
Where every Mowers wholesome Heat
Smells like an *Alexanders sweat*.
Their Females fragrant as the Mead
Which they in *Fairy Circles* tread :
When at their Dances End they kifs,
Their new-made Hay not sweeter is.

LV.

When after this 'tis pil'd in Cocks,
Like a calm Sea it shews the Rocks :
We wondring in the River near
How Boats among them safely steer.
Or, like the *Desert Memphis Sand*,
Short *Pyramids* of Hay do stand.
And such the *Roman Camps* do rise
In Hills for Soldiers' Obsequies.

LVI.

This Scene again withdrawing brings
A new and empty Face of things ;
A levell'd space, as smooth and plain,
As Clothes for Lilly strecht to stain.

The World when first created sure
 Was such a Table rase and pure.
 Or rather such is the *Toril*
 Ere the Bulls enter at Madril.

LVII.

For to this naked equal Flat,
 Which *Levellers* take Pattern at,
 The Villagers in common chase
 Their Cattle, which it closer rase ;
 And what below the Sith increast
 Is pinchd yet nearer by the Breast.
 Such, in the painted World, appear'd
Davenant with th' Universal Heard.

LVIII.

They seem within the polisht Grasse
 A Landskip drawn in Looking-Glasse.
 And shrunk in the huge Pasture show
 As Spots, so shap'd, on Faces do.
 Such Fleas, ere they approach the Eye,
 In Multipling Glasses lye.
 They feed so wide, so slowly move,
 As *Constellations* do above.

LIX.

Then, to conclude these pleasant Acts,
Denton sets ope its *Cataracts* ;
 And makes the Meadow truly be
 (What it but seem'd before) a Sea.
 For, jealous of its *Lords* long stay,
 It try's t'invite him thus away.
 The River in it self is drown'd,
 And Ill's th' astonish Cattle round.

LX.

Let others tell the *Paradox*,
How Eels now bellow in the Ox;
How Horses at their Tails do kick,
Turn'd as they hang to Leeches quick;
How Boats can over Bridges fail;
And Fishes do the Stables scale.
How *Salmons* trespassing are found;
And Pikes are taken in the Pound.

LXI.

But I, retiring from the Flood,
Take Sanctuary in the Wood;
And, while it lasts, my self embark
In this yet green, yet growing Ark;
Where the first Carpenter might best
Fit Timber for his Keel have Preft.
And where all Creatures might have shares,
Although in Armies, not in Paires.

LXII.

The double Wood of ancient Stocks
Link'd in so thick, an Union locks,
It like two *Pedigrees* appears,
On one hand *Fairfax*, th' other *Veres*:
Of whom though many fell in War,
Yet more to Heaven shooting are:
And, as they Natures Cradle deckt,
Will in green Age her Hearse expect.

LXIII.

When first the Eye this Forrest sees
It seems indeed as *Wood* not *Trees*:
As if their Neighbourhood so old
To one great Trunk them all did mold.

There

There the huge Bulk takes place, as ment
To thrust up a *Fifth Element*;
And stretches still so closely wedg'd
As if the Night within were hedg'd.

LXIV.

Dark all without it knits; within
It opens passable and thin;
And in as loose an order grows,
As the *Corinthean Porticoes*.
The arching Boughs unite between
The Columnes of the Temple green;
And underneath the winged Quires
Echo about their tuned Fires.

LXV.

The *Nightingale* does here make choice
To sing the Tryals of her Voice.
Low Shrubs she sits in, and adorns
With Musick high the squatted Thorns.
But highest Oakes stoop down to hear,
And listning Elders prick the Ear.
The Thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
Within the Skin its shrunkn claws.

LXVI.

But I have for my Musick found
A Sadder, yet more pleasing Sound:
The *Stock-doves*, whose fair necks are grac'd
With Nuptial Rings their Ensigns chaft;
Yet always, for some Cause unknown,
Sad pair unto the Elms they moan.
O why should such a Couple mourn,
That in so equal Flames do burn!

LXVII.

LXVII.

Then as I careless on the Bed
Of gelid *Straw-berries* do tread,
And through the *Hazles* thick espy
The hatching *Thrastles* shining Eye,
The *Heron* from the *Ashes* top,
The eldest of its young lets drop,
As if it *Stork-like* did pretend
That *Tribute* to its *Lord* to send.

LXVIII.

But most the *Hewel's* wonders are,
Who here has the *Holt-felsters* care.
He walks still upright from the *Root*,
Meas'ring the *Timber* with his *Foot*;
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the *Bark* the *Wood-moths* glean.
He, with his *Beak*, examines well
Which fit to stand and which to sell.

LXIX.

The good he numbers up, and hacks;
As if he mark'd them with the *Ax*.
But where he, tinkling with his *Beak*,
Does find the hollow *Oak* to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted *Side* he mines.
Who could have thought the tallest *Oak*
Should fall by such a feeble *Stroke*!

LXX.

Nor would it, had the *Tree* not fed
A *Traitor-worm*, within it bred.
(As first our *Flesh* corrupt within
Tempt impotent and bathful *Sim*;

And

And yet that *Worm* triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the *Hewels* young.
While the *Oake* seems to fall content,
Viewing the *Treason's* Punishment.

LXXI.

Thus I, *casie* *Philosopher*,
Among the *Birds* and *Trees* confer :
And little now to make me, wants
Or of the *Fowles*, or of the *Plants*.
Give me but *Wings* as they, and I
Streight floting on the *Air* shall fly :
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted *Tree*.

LXXII.

Already I begin to call
In their most learned *Original* :
And where I *Language* want, my *Signs*
The *Bird* upon the *Bough* divines;
And more attentive there doth sit
Then if *She* were with *Lime-twigs* knit?
No *Leaf* does tremble in the *Wind*
Which I returning cannot find.

LXXIII.

Out of these scatter'd *Sibyls* *Leaves*
Strange *Prophecies* my *Phancy* weaves :
And in one *History* consumes,
Like *Mexique* *Paintings*, all the *Plumes*.
What *Rome*, *Greece*, *Palestine*, ere said
I in this light *Mosaick* read.
Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in *Natures* *mystick* *Book*.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

And see how Chance's better Wit
 Could with a Mask my studies hit !
 The Oak-Leaves me embroyder all,
 Between which Caterpillars crawl :
 And Ivy, with familiär trails,
 Me licks, and clasps, and curles, and haies:
 Under this *antick Cope* I move
 Like some great *Prelate of the Grove*,

LXXV.

Then, languishing with ease, I toſs
 On Pallets ſwoln of Velvet Moſs ;
 While the Wind, cooling through the Boughs,
 Flatters with Air my panting Brows.
 Thanks for my Reſt ye *Moſſy Banks*,
 And unto you *cool Zephyr's* Thanks,
 Who, as my Hair, my Thoughts too ſhed,
 And winnow from the Chaff my Head.

LXXVI.

How ſafe, methinks, and ſtrong, behind
 Theſe Trees have I incamp'd my Mind ;
 Where Beauty, aiming at the Heart,
 Bends in ſome Tree its uſeleſs Dart ;
 And where the World no certain Shot
 Can make, or me it toucheth not.
 But I on it ſecurely play,
 And gaul its Horſemen all the Day.

LXXVII.

Bind me ye *Woodbines* in your twines,
 Curle me about ye gadding *Vines*,
 And Oh ſo cloſe your Circles lace,
 That I may never leave this Place :

P

But,

But, lest your Fetters prove too weak,
 Ere I your Silken Bondage break,
 Do you, O *Brambles*, chain me too,
 And courteous *Briars* nail me through.

LXXVIII.

Here in the Morning tye my Chain,
 Where the two Woods have made a Lane;
 While, like a *Guard* on either side,
 The Trees before their *Lord* divide;
 This, like a long and equal Thread;
 Betwixt two *Labyrinths* does lead.
 But, where the Floods did lately drown;
 There at the Ev'ning stake me down.

LXXIX.

For now the Waves are fal'n and dry'd,
 And now the Meadows fresher dy'd;
 Whose Grasse, with moister colour dast;
 Seems as green Silks but newly washt.
 No *Serpent* new nor *Crocodile*
 Remains behind our little *Nile*;
 Unless it self you will mistake,
 Among these Meads the only Snake.

LXXX.

See in what wanton harmless folds
 It ev'ry where the Meadow holds;
 And its yet muddy back doth lick,
 Till as a *Chrystal Mirror* slick;
 Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
 If they be in it or without.
 And for his shade which therein shines,
Narcissus like, the *Sun* too pines.

LXXXI.

Oh what a Pleasure 'tis to hedge
My Temples here with heavy sedge ;
Abandoning my lazy Side,
Stretcht as a Bank unto the Tide ;
Or to suspend my sliding Foot
On the Osiers undermined Root,
And in its Branches tough to hang,
While at my Lines the Fishes twang !

LXXXII.

But now away my Hooks, my Quills,
And Angles, idle Utensils.
The young *Maria* walks to night :
Hide trifling Youth thy Pleasures slight.
'Twere shame that such judicious Eyes
Should with such Toyes a Man surprize ;
She that already is the *Law*
Of all her Sex, her *Ages* Aw.

LXXXIII.

See how loose Nature, in respect
To her, it self doth recollect ;
And every thing so whist and fine,
Starts forth with to its *Bonne Mine*.
The *Sun* himself, of *Her* aware,
Seems to descend with greater Care ;
And lest *She* see him go to Bed,
In blushing Clouds conceales his Head.

LXXXIV.

So when the Shadows laid asleep
From underneath these Banks do creep,
And on the River as it flows
With *Eben* Shuts begin to close ;

The modest *Halcyon* comes in sight,
 Flying betwixt the Day and Night;
 And such an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring Nature does benum.

LXXXV.

The viscous Air, wheres'ere She fly,
 Follows and sucks her Azure dy;
 The gellying Stream compacts below,
 If it might fix her shadow so;
 The stupid Filthes hang, as plain
 As *Flies* in *Chrystal* overt'ane;
 And Men the silent Scene assist,
 Charm'd with the *Saphir-winged Mist*.

LXXXVI.

Maria such, and so doth hush
 The *World*, and through the *Ev'ning* rush.
 No new-born *Comet* such a Train
 Draws through the Skie, nor *Star* new-slain.
 For streight those giddy *Rockets* fail,
 Which from the putrid Earth exhale,
 But by her *Flames*, in *Heaven* try'd,
Nature is wholly *vitrifi'd*.

LXXXVII.

'Tis *She* that to these Gardens gave
 That wondrous Beauty which they have;
She streightness on the Woods bestows;
 To *Her* the Meadow sweetness owes;
 Nothing could make the River be
 So *Chrystal*-pure but only *She*;
She yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,
 Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Therefore what first *She* on them spent,
 They gratefully again present.
 The Meadow Carpets where to tread ;
 The Garden Flow'rs to Crown *Her* Head ;
 And for a Glass the limpid Brook,
 Where *She* may all *her* Beautyes look ;
 But, since *She* would not have them seen,
 The Wood about *her* draws a Skreen.

LXXXIX.

For *She*, to higher Beauties rais'd,
 Disdains to be for lesser prais'd.
She counts her Beauty to converse
 In all the Languages as *hers* ;
 Nor yet in those *her self* imployes
 But for the *Wisdom*, not the *Noyse* ;
 Nor yet that *Wisdom* would affect,
 But as 'tis *Heavens Dialect*.

LXXXX.

Blest *Nymph* ! that couldst so soon prevent
 Those *Trains* by Youth against thee meant ;
 Tears (watry Shot that pierce the Mind ;)
 And *Sighs* (Loves Cannon charg'd with Wind ;)
True Praise (That breaks through all defence ;)
 And feign'd complying *Innocence* ;
 But knowing where this *Anbush* lay,
 She scap'd the safe, but roughest Way.

LXXXXI.

This 'tis to have been from the first
 In a *Domestick Heaven* nurst,
 Under the *Discipline* severe
 Of *Fairfax*, and the starry *Vere* ;

Where not one object can come nigh
 But pure, and spotless as the Eye ;
 And *Goodness* doth it self intail
 On *Females*, if there want a *Male*.

LXXXXII.

Go now fond Sex that on your Face
 Do all your useles Study place,
 Nor once at Vice your Brows dare knit
 Lest the smooth Forehead wrinkled sit :
 Yet your own Face shall at you grin,
 Thorough the Black-bag of your Skin ;
 When *knowledge* only could have fill'd
 And *Virtue* all those *Furrows* till'd.

LXXXXIII.

Hence *She* with Graces more divine
 Supplies beyond her Sex the *Line* ;
 And, like a *sprig of Mistleto*,
 On the *Fairfacian Oak* does grow ;
 Whence, for some universal good,
 The *Priest* shall cut the sacred Bud ;
 While her *glad Parents* most rejoice,
 And make their *Destiny* their *Choice*.

LXXXXIV.

Mean time ye Fields, Springs, Bushes, Flow'rs,
 Where yet *She* leads her studious Hours,
 (Till Fate her worthily translates,
 And find a *Fairfax* for our *Thwaites*)
 Employ the means you have by Her,
 And in your kind your selves preferr ;
 That, as all *Virgins* *She* preceds,
 So you all *Woods, Streams, Gardens, Meads*.

LXXXXV.

LXXXXV.

For you *Theſſalian Tempe's Seat*
Shall now be ſcorn'd as obſolete ;
Aranjeuz, as leſs, diſdain'd ;
The *Bel-Retiro* as conſtrain'd ;
But name not the *Idalian Grove*,
For 'twas the Seat of wanton Love ;
Much leſs the Dead's *Elyſian Fields*,
Yet nor to them your Beauty yields.

LXXXXVI.

'Tis not, what once it was, the *World* ;
But a rude heap together hurl'd ;
All negligently overthrown,
Gulſes, Deſerts, Precipices, Stone.
Your leſſer *World* contains the ſame.
But in more decent Order tame ;
You *Heaven's Center*, *Nature's Lap*,
And *Paradice's only Map*.

LXXXXVII.

But now the *Salmon-Fiſhers* moiſt
Their *Leathern Boats* begin to hoist ;
And, like *Antipodes* in Shoes,
Have ſhod their *Heads* in their *Canoos*.
How *Tortoiſe* like, but not ſo ſlow,
Theſe rational *Amphibii* go ?
Let's in : for the dark *Hemiſphere*
Does now like one of them appear.

*On the Victory obtained by Blake over the Spaniards, in the
Bay of Sanctacruze, in the Island of Teneriff.
1657.*

NOW does Spains Fleet her spacious wings unfold,
Leaves the new World and hastens for the old:
But though the wind was fair, they slowly swoome
Frayted with acted Guilt, and Guilt to come:
For this rich load, of which so proud they are,
Was rais'd by Tyranny, and rais'd for War;
Every capacious Gallions womb was fill'd,
With what the Womb of wealthy Kingdomes yield,
'The new Worlds wounded Intails they had tore,
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more.
Wealth which all others Avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caus'd as much fear, as Joy.
For now upon the Main, themselves they saw,
That boundless Empire, where you give the Law;
Of winds and waters rage, they fearful be,
But much more fearful are your Flags to see.
Day, that to those who sail upon the deep,
More wish't for, and more welcome is then sleep;
They dreaded to behold, Least the Sun's light,
With *English* Streamers, should salute their sight:
In thickest darkness they would choose to steer,
So that such darkness might suppress their fear;
At length theirs vanishes, and fortune smiles;
For they behold the sweet Canary Isles;
One of which doubtless is by Nature blest
Above both Worlds, since 'tis above the rest.
For least some Gloominess might stain her sky,
Trees there the duty of the Clouds supply;
O noble Trust which Heaven on this Isle poures,
Fertile to be, yet never need her showres.

A happy People, which at once do gain
The benefits without the ills of rain.
Both health and profit, Fate cannot deny;
Where still the Earth is moist, the Air still dry;
The jarring Elements no discord know,
Fewel and Rain together kindly grow;
And coolness there, with heat doth never fight,
This only rules by day, and that by Night.
Your worth to all these Isles, a just right brings,
The best of Lands should have the best of Kings:
And these want nothing Heaven can afford,
Unless it be, the having you their Lord;
But this great want, will not alone prove,
Your Conquering Sword will soon that want remove.
For *Spain* had better, Shee'l ere long confess,
Have broken all her Swords, then this one Peace,
Casting that League off, which she held so long,
She cast off that which only made her strong.
Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain,
Peace, against you, was the sole strength of *Spain*.
By that alone those Islands she secures,
Peace made them hers, but War will make them yours
There the indulgent Soil that rich Grape breeds,
Which of the Gods she fancied drink exceeds;
They still do yield, such is their pretious mould,
All that is good, and are not curst with Gold.
With fatal Gold, for still where that does grow,
Neither the Soyl, nor People quiet know.
Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis Oar,
And when 'tis raised, does trouble them much more.
Ah, why was thither brought that cause of War,
Kind Nature had from thence remov'd so far.
In vain doth she those Islands free from Ill,
If fortune can make guilty what she will.
But whilst I draw that Scene, where you are long,
Shall conquests act, your present are unsung,
For *Sanctacruxe* the glad Fleet takes her way;
And safely there casts Anchor in the Bay:

Never so many with one joyful cry,
 That place saluted, where they all must dye.
 Deluded men! Fate with you did but sport,
 You scapt the Sea, to perish in your Port.
 'Twas more for *Englands* fame you should dye there,
 Where you had most of strength, and least of fear.

The Peek's proud height, the *Spaniards* all admire,
 Yet in their breasts, carry a pride much higher.
 Onely to this vast hill a power is given,
 At once both to Inhabit Earth and Heaven.
 But this stupendious Prospect did not neer,
 Make them admire, so much as they did fear.

For here they met with news, which did produce,
 A grief, above the cure of Grapes best juice.
 They learn'd with Terrour, that nor Summers heat,
 Nor Winters storms, had made your Fleet retreat.
 To fight against such Foes, was vain they knew,
 Which did the rage of Elements subdue.
 Who on the Ocean that does horror give,
 To all besides, triumphantly do live.

With haſt they therefore all their Gallions moar,
 And flank with Cannon from the Neighbouring ſhore.
 Forts, Lines, and Sconces all the Bay along,
 They build and act all that can make them ſtrong.

Fond men who know not whilst ſuch works they raiſe,
 They only Labour to exalt your praiſe.
 Yet they by reſtleſs toyl, became at Length,
 So proud and confident of their made ſtrength.
 That they with joy their boasting General heard,
 Wiſh then for that aſſault he lately fear'd.
 His wiſh he has, for now undaunted *Blake*,
 With winged ſpeed, for *Sanctacruze* does make.
 For your renown, his conquering Fleet does ride,
 Ore Seas as vaſt as is the *Spaniards* pride.
 Whoſe Fleet and Trenches view'd, he ſoon did ſay,
 We to their Strength are more oblig'd then they.
 Wer't not for that, they from their Fate would run,
 And a third World ſeek out our Armes to ſhun.

Thoſe

Those Forts, which there, so high and strong appear,
Do not so much suppress, as shew their fear.
Of Speedy Victory let no man doubt,
Our worst works past, now we have found them out:
Behold their Navy does at Anchor lye,
And they are ours; for now they cannot fly.

This said, the whole Fleet gave it their applause;
And all assumes your courage, in your cause.
That Bay they enter, which unto them owes,
The noblest wreaths, that Victory bestows.
Bold *Stainer* Leads, this Fleets design'd by fate,
To give him Lawrel, as the Last did Plate.

The Thund'ring Cannon now begins the Fight,
And though it be at Noon, creates a Night.
The Air was soon after the fight begun,
Far more inflam'd by it, then by the Sun.
Never so burning was that Climate known,
War turn'd the temperate, to the Torrid Zone.

Fate these two Fleets, between both Worlds had brought;
Who fight, as if for both those Worlds they fought.
Thousands of wayes, Thousands of men there dye,
Some Ships are sunk, some blown up in the skie.
Nature never made Cedars so high a Spire,
As Oakes did then, Urg'd by the active fire.
Which by quick powders force, so high was sent,
That it return'd to its own Element:
Torn Limbs some leagues into the Island fly,
Whilst others lower, in the Sea do lye.
Scarce souls from bodies sever'd are so far,
By death, as bodies there were by the War.
Th' all-seeing Sun, neer gaz'd on such a sight,
Two dreadful Navies there at Anchor Fight.
And neither have, or power, or will to fly,
There one must Conquer, or there both must dye.
Far different Motives yet, engag'd them thus,
Necessity did them, but Choice did us.
A choice which did the highest worth express,
And was attended by as high success.

For your resistless genius there did Raigh,
By which we Laurels reapt ev'n on the Mayn.
So prosperous Stars, though absent to the sence,
Bless those they shine for, by their Influence.

Our Cannon now tears every Ship and Sconce,
And o're two Elements Triumphs at once.
Their Gallions sunk, their wealth the Sea does fill,
The only place where it can cause no Ill,

Ah would those Treasures which both Indies have,
Were buried in as large, and deep a grave;
Wars chief support with them would buried be,
And the Land owe her peace unto the Sea.
Ages to come, your conquering Arms will bless,
There they destroy, what had destroy'd their Peace.
And in one War the present age may boast,
The certain seeds of many Wars are lost,

All the Foes Ships destroy'd, by Sea or fire,
Victorious Blake, does from the Bay retire,
His Siege of Spain he then again pursues,
And there first brings of his success the news;
The saddest news that ere to Spain was brought,
Their rich Fleet sunk, and ours with Laurel fraught.
Whilst fame in every place, her Trumpet blows,
And tells the World, how much to you it owes.

A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda.

Dorinda. **W**HEN Death, shall snatch us from these
And shut up our divided Lids, (Kids,
Tell me *Thyrsis*, prethee do,
Whither thou and I must go.

Thyrsis. To the Elizium: (*Dorinda*) oh where 'st?

Thyrsis. A Chast Soul, can never mis't.

Dorinda. I know no way, but one, our home
Is our Elizium?

Thyrsis. Cast thine Eye to yonder Skie,
There the milky way doth lye;
'Tis a sure but rugged way,
That leads to Everlasting day.

Dorinda. There Birds may nest, but how can I;
That have no wings and cannot fly.

Thyrsis. Do not sigh (fair Nymph) for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit, against the pole,
Heaven's the Center of the Soul.

Dorinda. But in Elizium how do they
Pass Eternity away.

Thyrsis. Ho, ther's, neither hope nor fear
Ther's no Wolf, no Fox, no Bear.
No need of Dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away;
And there most sweetly thine Ear
May feast with Musick of the Sphear.

Dorinda.

How I my future state
 By silent thinking, Antidate :
 I preethe let us spend, our time come,
 In talking of *Elizium*.

Thyrsis. Then I'll go on : There, sheep are full
 Of softest grafs, and softest wooll;
 There, birds sing Conforts, garlands grow,
 Cold winds do whisper, springs do flow.
 There, alwayes is, a rising Sun,
 And day is ever, but begun.
 Shepheards there, bear equal sway,
 And every Nimph's a Queen of May.

Dorinda. Ah me, ah me.

Thyrsis. *Dorinda*, why do'st Cry?

Dorinda. I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain would dye :
 Convinc't me now, that this is true;
 By bidding, with mee, all adieu
 I cannot live, without thee, I
 Will for thee, much more with thee dye.

Dorinda. Then let us give *Corellia* charge o'th Sheep,
 And thou and I'll pick poppies and them steep
 In wine, and drink on't even till we weep,
 So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

The Character of Holland.

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of *Land*,
 As but th' Off-scouring of the *Brittish Sand* ;
 And so much Earth as was contributed
 By *English Pilots* when they heav'd the *Lead* ;
 Or what by th' Oceans slow alluvion fell,
 Of shipwrackt Cockle and the Muscle-shell ;
 This indigested vomit of the Sea
 Fell to the *Dutch* by just Propriety.

Glad then, as Miners that have found the Oar,
 They with mad labour fish'd the *Land* to *Shoar* ;
 And div'd as desperately for each piece
 Of Earth, as ift had been of *Ambergreece* ;
 Collecting anxiously small Loads of Clay,
 Less then what building Swallows bear away ;
 Or then those Pills which fordid Beetles roul,
 Transfusing into them their Dunghil Soul.

How did they rivet, with Gigantick Piles,
 Thorough the Center their new-catched Miles ;
 And to the stake a struggling Country bound,
 Where barking Waves still bait the forced Ground ;
 Building their watry *Babel* far more high
 To reach the *Sea*, then those to scale the *Sky*.

Yet still his claim the Injur'd Ocean laid,
 And oft at Leap-frog ore their Steeples plaid :
 As if on purpose it on Land had come
 To shew them what's their *Mare Liberum*.
 A daily deluge over them does boyl ;
 The Earth and Water play at *Level-coyl* ;
 The Fish oft-times the Burger dispossest,
 And sat not as a Meat but as a Guest ;
 And oft the *Tritons* and the *Sea-Nymphs* saw
 Whole shoales of *Dutch* serv'd up for *Cabillau* ;

Or as they over the new Level rang'd
 For pickled *Herring*, pickled *Heeren* chang'd.
 Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
 Would throw their Land away at *Duck* and *Drake*.

Therefore *Necessity*, that first made *Kings*,
 Something like *Government* among them brings;
 For as with *Pygmies* who best kills the *Crane*,
 Among the hungry he that treasures *Strain*,
 Among the blind the one ey'd *blankard* reigns,
 So rules among the drowned he that *draines*.
 Not who first see the rising *Sim* commands,
 But who could first discern the rising *Lands*.
 Who best could know to pump an Earth so leak
 Him they their Lord and Country's Father speak.
 To make a *Bank* was a great *Plot* of State;
 Invent a *Shov'l* and be a *Magistrate*.
 Hence some small *Dyke-grave* unperceiv'd invades
 The *Pow'r*, and grows as 'twere a *King of Spades*.
 But for less envy some joynt *States* endure,
 Who look like a *Commission* of the *Sewers*.
 For these *Half-anders*, half wet, and half dry,
 Nor bear *Strict* service, nor pure *Liberty*.

'Tis probable *Religion* after this
 Came next in order; which they could not miss.
 How could the *Dutch* but be converted, when
 Th' *Apostles* were so many *Fishermen*?
 Besides the *Waters* of themselves did rise;
 And, as their Land, so them did re-baptize.
 Though *Herring* for their God few voices mist,
 And *Poor-John* to have been th' *Evangelist*.
 Faith, that could never *Twins* conceive before,
 Never so fertile, spawn'd upon this shore:
 More pregnant then their *Marg'ret*, that laid down
 For *Hans-in-Kelder* of a whole *Hans-Town*.

Sure when *Religion* did it self imbark,
 And from the East would Westward steer its Ark;
 It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
 Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found:

Hence

Hence *Amsterdam*, Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew,
 Staple of Sects and Mint of Schisme grew ;
 That *Bank of Conscience*, where not one so strange
 Opinion but finds Credit, and Exchange.
 In vain for *Catholicks* our selves we bear ;
 The *universal Church* is onely there.

Nor can Civility there want for *Tillage* ;
 Where wisely for their *Court* they chose a *Village*.
 How fit a Title clothes their *Governours*,
 Themselves the *Hogs* as all their Subjects *Bores* !

Let it suffice to give their Country Fame
 That it had one *Civilis* call'd by Name,
 Some Fifteen hundred and more years ago ;
 But surely never any that was so.

See but their *Mairmaids* with their *Tails of Fish*,
 Reeking at *Church* over the *Chafing-Dish*.
 A vestal *Turfenshrin'd* in Earthen Ware
 Fumes through the loop-holes of wooden Square.
 Each to the *Temple* with these *Altars* tend,
 But still does place it at her *Western End* :
 While the fat steam of *Female Sacrifice*
 Fills the *Priests Nostrils* and puts out his *Eyes*.

Or what a Spectacle the *Skipper* gross,
A Water-Hercules Butter-Colofs,
 Turn'd up with all their sev'ral *Towns of Beer* ;
 When Stagg'ring upon some Land, Snick and Sneer,
 They try, like Statuaries, if they can ,
 Cut out each others *Athos* to a Man :
 And carve in their large Bodies, where they please,
 The Armes of the *United Provinces*.

But when such Amity at home is show'd ;
 What then are their confederacies abroad ?
 Let this one court'sie witness all the rest ;
 When their whole Navy they together prest,
 Not Christian Captives to redeem from Bands :
 Or intercept the Western golden Sands :
 No, but all ancient Rights and Leagues must vail,
 Rather then to the *English* strike their sail ;

To whom their weather-beaten *Province* owes
 It self, when as some greater Vessel tows
 A Cock-boat tost with the same wind and fate ;
 We buoy'd so often up their *sinking State*.

Was this *Jus Belli & Pacis* ; could this be
 Cause why their *Burgomaster of the Sea*
 Ram'd with Gun-powder, flaming with Brand wine,
 Should raging hold his Linstock to the Mine ?
 While, with feign'd *Treaties*, they invade by stealth
 Our fore new circumcised *Common wealth*.

Yet of his vain Attempt no more he sees
 Then of *Cafe-Butter* shot and *Bullet-Cheese*.
 And the torn Navy stagger'd with him home,
 While the Sea laught it self into a foam,
 'Tis true since that (as fortune kindly sports,)
 A wholesome Danger drove us to our Ports.
 While half their banish'd keels the Tempest tost,
 Half bound at home in Prison to the frost :
 That ours mean time at leizure might careen,
 In a calm Winter, under Skies Serene.
 As the obsequious Air and Waters rest,
 Till the dear *Halcyon* hatch out all its nest.
 The *Common wealth* doth by its losses grow ;
 And, like its own Seas, only Ebbs to flow.
 Besides that very Agitation laves,
 And purges out the corruptible waves.

And now again our armed *Bucentore*
 Doth yearly their *Sea-Nuptials* restore.
 And how the *Hydra of seven Provinces*
 Is strangled by our *Infant Hercules*.
 Their *Tortoise* wants its vainly stretched neck ;
 Their Navy all our Conquest or our Wreck :
 Or, what is left, their *Carthage* overcome
 Would render fain unto our better *Rome*.
 Unless our *Senate*, lest their Youth disuse,
 The War, (but who would) Peace if begg'd refuse.

For now of nothing may our *State* despair,
 Darling of Heaven, and of Men the Care ;

Provided

Provided that they be what they have been,
 Watchful abroad, and honest still within.
 For while our *Neptune* doth a *Trident* shake, (*Blake*.
 Steel'd with those piercing Heads, *Dean*, *Monck* and
 And while *Jove* governs in the highest Sphere,
 Vainly in *Hell* let *Pluto* domineer.

S

In

In Legationem Domini Oliveri St. John ad
Provincias Fœderatas.

Ingeniosa Viris contingunt Nomina magnis,
Ut dubites Casu vel Ratione data.
Nam Sors, cæca licet, tamen est præsaga futuri;
Et sub fatidico Nomine vera premit.
Et Tu, cui soli voluit Respublica credi,
Fœdera seu Belgis seu nova Bella feras;
Haud frustra cecidit tibi Compellatio fallax,
Ast scriptum ancipiti Nomine Munus erat;
Scilicet hoc Martis, sed Pacis Nuntius illo:
Clavibus his Jani ferrea Claustra regis.
Non opus Arcanos Chartis committere Sensus,
Et varia licitos condere Fraude Dolos.
Tu quoque si taceas tamen est Legatio Nomen
Et velut in Scytale publica verba refert.
Vultis Oliverum, Batavi, Sanctumve Johannem?
Antiochus gyro non brevior stetit.

A Letter to Doctor Ingelo, then with my Lord Whit-
lock, Ambassador from the Protector to the Queen of
Sweden.

Quid facis Arctoi charissime transfuga cæli,
Ingelè, proh serò cognite, rapte citò?
Num satis Hybernum defendis pellibus Astrum,
Qui modo tam mollis nec bene firmus eras?
Quæ Gentes Hominum, quæ sit Natura Locorum,
Sint Homines, potius dic ibi sintne Loca?
Num gravis horrifono Polus obruit omnia lapsu,
Jungitur & præceps Mundus utraque nivè?

An melius canis horrescit Campus Aristis,
 Annuus Agricolis & redit Orbe labor?
 Incolit, ut fertur, sevam Gens mitior Oram,
 Pace vigil, Bello strenua, iusta Foro.
 Quin ibi sunt Urbes, atque alta Palatia Regum,
 Musarumque domus, & sua Tempia Deo.
 Nam regit Imperio populum Christina ferocem,
 Et dare jura potest regia Virgo viris.
 Utque trahit rigidum Magnes Aquilone Metallum,
 Gaudet eam Soboles ferrea sponte sequi.
 Dic quantum liceat fallaci credere Famiæ,
 Invida num taceat plura, sonetve loquax.
 At, si vera fides, Mundi melioris ab ortu,
 Sæcula Christianæ nulla tulere parem.
 Ipsa licet redeat (nostri decus orbis) Eliza,
 Qualis nostra tamen quantaque Eliza fuit.
 Vidimus Effigiem, mistasque Coloribus Umbras:
 Sic quoque Sceptripotens, sic quoque visa Dea:
 Augustam decorant (raro concordia) frontem
 Majestas & Amor, Forma Pudorque simul.
 Ingens Virgineo spirat Gustavus in ore:
 Agnoscas animos, fulmineumque Patrem.
 Nulla suo nituit tam lucida Stella sub Axe;
 Non Ea quæ meruit Crimine Nympha Polum:
 Ab quoties pavidum demisit conscia Lumen,
 Utque suæ timuit Parthæsis Ora Dex!
 Et, simulet falsa ni Pictor imagine Vultus,
 Delia tam similis nec fuit ipsa sibi.
 Ni quod inornati Triviæ sint forte Capilli,
 Sollicita sed huic distribuuntur Acu.
 Scilicet ut nemo est illa reverentior æqui;
 Haud ipsas igitur fert sine Lege Comas.
 Gloria sylvarum pariter communis utrique
 Est, & perpetuæ Virginitatis Honos.
 Sic quoque Nympharum superemineæ Agmina collo,
 Fertque Choros Cynthi per Juga, per Nives.
 Haud aliter pariles Ciliorum contrahit Arcus
 Acribus adest Oculis tela subesse putes.

Luminibus dubites an straverit illa Sagittis
 Quæ foret exuviis ardua colla Feram.
 Alcides humeros coopertus pelle Nemæa
 Haud ita labentis sustulit Orbis Onus.
 Heu quæ Cervices subnectunt Pectora tales,
 Frigidiora Gelu, candidiora Nive.
 Cetera non licuit, sed vix ea tota, videre;
 Nam clau si rigido stant Adamante Sinus.
 Seu Chlamys Artifici nimium succurrerit auso,
 Sicque imperfectum fugerit impar Opus:
 Sive tribus spernat Victrix certare Deabus,
 Et pretium formæ nec spoliata ferat.
 Junonis properans & clara Trophæa Minervæ;
 Mollia nam Veneris præmia nosse piget.
 Hinc neque consuluit fugitivæ prodiga Formæ,
 Nectimuit seris invigilasse Libris.
 In somnem quoties Nymphæ monuere sequaces
 Decedet roseis heu color ille Genis.
 Jamque vigil leni cessit Philomela sopori,
 Omnibus & Sylvis conticuere Feræ.
 Acror illa tamen pergit, Curasque fatigat:
 Tanti est doctorum volvere scripta Virum.
 Et liciti quæ sint moderamina discere Regni,
 Quid fuerit, quid sit, noscere quicquid erit.
 Sic quod in ingenuas Gothus peccaverit Artes
 Vindicat, & studiis expiat Una suis.
 Exemplum dociles imitantur nobile Gentes,
 Et geminis Infans imbuat Ora sonis.
 Transpositos Suecis credas migrasse Latinos,
 Carmine Romuleo sic strepit omne Nemus.
 Upsala nec prisca impar memoratur Athenis,
 Egidaque & Currus hic sua Pallas habet.
 Illinc O quales liceat sperasse Liquores,
 Quum Dea præsideat fontibus ipsa sacris!
 Illic Lacte ruant illic & flumina Melle,
 Fulvaque inauratam tingat Arena Salam.
 Upsalides Mulsæ nunc & majora canemus,
 Quæque mihi Famæ non levis Aura tulit.

Creditur haud ulli Christus signasse suorum
 Occultam gemma de meliore Notam.
 Quemque tenet charo descriptum Nomine semper,
 Non minus exculptum Pectore fida refert.
 Sola hac virgineas depascit Flamma Medullas,
 Et licito pergit solvere corda foco.
 Tu quoque Sanctorum fastos Christina sacrabis,
 Unica nec Virgo Volsinienfis erit.
 Discite nunc Reges (Majestas proxima cœlo)
 Discite proh magnos hinc coluisse Deos.
 Ah pudeat Tantos puerilia fingere cœpta,
 Nugas nescio quas, & male quærere Opes.
 Acer Equo cunctos dum præterit illa Britanno,
 Et pecoris spoliū nescit inermē sequi.
 Ast Aquilam poscit Germano pellere Nido,
 Deque Palatino Monte fugare Lupam.
 Vos etiā latus in prædam iungite Campos,
 Impiaque arctatis cingite Lustra Plagis.
 Victor Oliverus nudum Caput exerit Armis,
 Ducere sive sequi nobile latus Iter.
 Qualis jam Senior Solymæ Godfredus ad Arces,
 Spina cui canis floruit alba Comis.
 Et Lappos Christina potest & solvere Finnos,
 Ultima quos Boreæ carcere Claustra premunt.
 Æoliis quales Venti fremuere sub antris,
 Et tentant Montis corripuisse moras.
 Hanc Dea si summa demiserit Arce procellam
 Quam gravis Austriacis Hesperisq; cadat !
 Omnia sed rediens olim narraveris Ipse ;
 Nec reditus spero tempora longa petit.
 Non ibi lenta pigro stringuntur frigore Verba,
 Solibus, & tandem Vere liquanda novo.
 Sed radiis hyemem Regina potentior urit ;
 Hæcque magis solvit, quam ligat illa Polum.
 Dicitur & nostros mærens audisse Labores,
 Fortis & ingenuam Gentis amasse Fidem.
 Oblatæ Batavam nec paci commodat Aurem ;
 Nec versat Danos infidiosa dolos.

Sed

Sed pia festinat mutatis Fœdera rebus,
 Et Libertatem quæ dominatur amat.
 Digna cui Salomon meritos retulisset honores,
 Et Saba concretum Thure cremasset Iter.
 Hanc tua, sed melius, celebraverit, Ingele, Musa;
 Et labor est vestræ debitus ille Lyræ.
 Nos sine te frustra Thamisis saliceta subimus,
 Sparsaque per steriles Turba vagamur Agros.
 Et male tentanti querulum respondet Avena:
 Quin & Rogerio dissilvere fides.
 Hæc tamen absenti memores dictamus Amico,
 Grataque speramus qualiacumque fore.

In Effigiem Oliveri Cromwell.

HÆc est quæ toties Inimicos Umbra fugavit;
 At sub qua Cives Otia lenta terunt.

In eandem Reginæ Sueciæ transmissam
 Bellipotens Virgo, septem Regina Trionum.
 Christina, Arctoi lucida stella Poli;
 Cernis quas merui dura sub Casside Rugas;
 Sicque Senex Armis impiger Ora fero;
 Invia Fatorum dum per Vestigia nitor,
 Exequor & Populi fortia Jussa Manu.
 At tibi submittit frontem reverentior Umbra,
 Nec sunt hi Vultus Regibus usque truces.

*Two Songs at the Marriage of the Lord Fauconberg
and the Lady Mary Cromwell.*

First.

Chorus. Endymion. Luna.

Chorus.

TH' *Astrologers* own Eyes are set;
And even Wolves the Sheep forget;
Only *this Shepherd*, late and soon,
Upon this Hill outwakes the *Moon*.
Heark how he sings, with sad delight,
Thorough the clear and silent Night.

Endymion.

Cynthia, O *Cynthia*, turn thine Ear,
Nor scorn *Endymions* complaints to hear;
As we our Flocks, so you command
The fleecy Clouds with silver wand.

Cynthia.

If thou a *Mortal*, rather sleep;
Or if a *Shepherd*, watch thy Sheep.

Endymion.

The *Shepherd*, since he saw thine Eyes,
And Sheep are both thy *Sacrifice*.
Nor merits he a *Mortal's* name,
That burns with an *immortal Flame*.

Cynthia.

Cynthia.

I have enough for me to do,
Ruling the Waves that Ebb and flow.

Endymion.

Since thou disdain'st not then to share
On Sublunary things thy care ;
Rather restrain these double Seas,
Mine Eyes uncessant deluges.

Cynthia.

My wakeful Lamp all night must move,
Securing their Repose above.

Endymion.

If therefore thy resplendent Ray
Can make a Night more bright than Day ;
Shine thorough this obscurer Brest,
With shades of deep Despair oppress'd.

Chorus.

Courage, *Endymion*, boldly Woo,
Anchises was a Shepherd too :
Yet is her younger Sister laid
Sporting with him in *Ida's* shade :
And *Cynthia*, though the strongest,
Seeks but the honour to have held out longest.

Endymion.

Here unto *Latmos* Top I climbe :
How far below thine *Orbe* sublime ?
O why, as well as Eyes to see,
Have I not Armes that reach to thee ?

Cynthia.

Cynthia.

'Tis needless then that I refuse,
Would you but your own Reason use.

Endymion.

Though I so high may not pretend,
It is the same to you descend.

Cynthia.

These Stars would say I do them wrong,
Rivals each one for thee too strong.

Endymion.

The Stars are fix'd unto their *Sphere*,
And cannot, though they would, come near.
Less Loves set of each others praise,
While *Stars* Eclipse by mixing *Rayes*.

Cynthia.

That Cave is dark.

Endymion

Then none can spy :
Or shine Thou there and 'tis the Sky.

Chorus.

Joy to *Endymion*,
For he has *Cynthia's* favour won.
And *Jove* himself approves
With his sereneſt influence their Loves.
For he did never love to pair
His Progeny above the Air ;
But to be honeſt, valiant, wiſe,
Makes *Mortals* matches fit for *Deities*.

Second Song.

Hobbinol. Phillis. Tomalin.

Hobbinol.

P*Hillis, Tomalin, away :*
 Never such a merry day.
For the Northern Shepheards Son
Has Menalca's daughter won.

Phillis.

Stay till I some flow'rs ha' ty'd
 In a Garland for the Bride.

Tomalin.

If thou would'st a Garland bring,
Phillis you may wait the Spring :
 They ha' chosen such an hour
 When *She* is the only flow'r.

Phillis.

Let's not then at least be seen
 Without each a Sprig of Green.

Hobbinol.

Fear not ; at *Menalca's Hall*
 There is Bayes enough for all.
 He when Young as we did graze,
 But when Old he planted Bayes.

Tomalin.

Here *She* comes ; but with a Look
 Far more catching then my Hook.

'Twas

'Twas those Eyes, I now dare swear,
Led our Lambs we knew not where:

Hobbinol.

Not our Lambs own Fleeces are
Curl'd so lovely as her Hair :
Nor our Sheep new Wash'd can be
Half so white or sweet as *She*.

Phillis.

He so looks as fit to keep
Somewhat else then silly *Sheep*.

Hobbinol.

Come, lets in some Carol new
Pay to Love and Them their due.

All.

Joy to that happy Pair,
Whose Hopes united banish our Despair.
What *Shepherd* could for Love pretend,
Whil'ft all the *Nymphs* on *Damon's* choice attend ?
What *Shepherdes* could hope to wed
Before *Marina's* turn were sped ?
Now lesser Beauties may take place,
And meaner Virtues come in play ;
While they,
Looking from high,
Shall grace

Our Flocks and us with a propitious Eye.
But what is most, the gentle Swain
No more shall need of Love complain ;
But Virtue shall be Beauties hire,
And those be equal that have equal Fire.
Marina yields. Who dares be coy ?
Or who despair, now *Damon* does enjoy ?
Joy to that happy Pair,
Whose Hopes united banish our Despair.

FINIS.

X

